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COVER STORY

Will the Atlantic fishery recover and stabilize? The answer, says writer Ralph Surette, depends on whether the two new supercompanies — Fishery Products International in Newfoundland and National Sea Products in Nova Scotia — succeed where their mostly bankrupt predecessors failed

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COVER PHOTO BY BILL RICHARDSON



BOOK EXCERPT

The Gulf of St. Lawrence is ringed by five of Canada's 10 provinces. It has a spectacular natural history. In these excerpts from a new book, writer Harry Bruce and photographers Wayne Barrett and Anne MacKay celebrate Canada's amazing inland sea

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ART

In 1967, Halifax artist Carol Fraser abandoned her impressionistic style and decided to "bring art and science together" in her paintings. Now she's ready for yet another style change

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TRAVEL

Poet Bliss Carman immortalized the "barren reaches" of Fundy in his poem "Low Tide at Grant Pré." Now writer and poet Harry Thurston introduces readers to this fascinating area of Nova Scotia

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itself
Page CS10**



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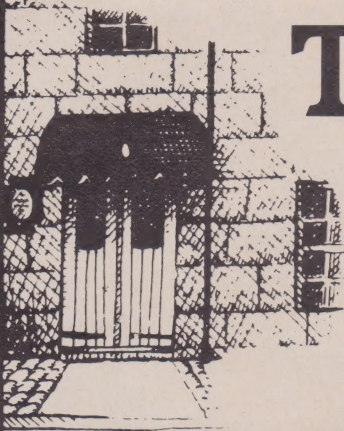
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Online for summer camp

There's fun for kids as well as instruction at computer camp. Here's a rundown of what camps are available in Metro

By Roma Senn

Both Tim, 8, and Jeffrey, 9, O'Connell of Halifax know what they like: Of the three computer camps they've attended they preferred the ones that took the more organized approach to learning. At Minerva Computer Learning Centre, in Halifax — it won't offer computer camps this summer — Tim and Jeffrey got a choice in computers and, more importantly, good instruction. Minerva used LOGO, a computer programming language for beginners that stresses thinking and planning. "It was a lot of fun," Jeffrey says.

That's what computer camps *should* be all about. Some aren't. If you want to enrol your child this summer, shop around first. Terry Clayton, a Halifax-based computer-camp consultant for Nova Scotia, suggests you look for many of the same qualities you'd consider in choosing a day-care centre. What are the teachers like? How do the kids spend their days? Find out about the program itself. Is it a recreation program with computers or is it about using computers?

You'd don't have to know much about computers but Clayton, president of Minerva, says you should establish the kind of programming language the camp uses. Many use BASIC, a technical language. Programming with BASIC, Clayton says, is like



Tim (at keyboard) and Jeffrey O'Connell: "It was lots of fun"

taking a course in how the telephone works as opposed to using the telephone. "There are better, easier-to-learn languages," Clayton says. He favors LOGO, a language for beginners. It helps create "a problem-solving environment where thinking and planning are the important skills," Clayton says. "It is an easy language but very powerful."

Many people view computers as "majestic, awesome devices." They're not. They're simply tools. Just as a calculator speeds math tasks, a computer can help solve a whack of problems. They can help teach Johnny and Jane English and Math. But often the emphasis in computer courses is on programming. One computer company has a thick file of job applications from

graduates of short-term computer programming courses. There are few jobs. More important today is that specific professions — teachers, accountants, engineers — learn computer skills to help them do their jobs.

Why should you send your child to computer camp? Many parents think they are giving him some advantage for the future. Computer camp, Clayton says, won't ensure his future. But don't overlook them. "Attending computer camp is an interesting and fun thing to do for the summer," he says.

Here's a rundown of some of Metro's computer camps:
Dalhousie University — Pupils spend three hours a day at Dal's computer centre; another three hours par-

ticipating in sports at Dalplex. They work on Cyber computers — models with more capacity than average. Classes are set up for the novice and the advanced beginner. Instruction in the advanced beginner camps includes how to create a file, save files for later use, get a print-out, write guessing games. Novices (who use the programming language BASIC) learn to make program assimilations, do calculations, retrieve and save files, play songs. At the camps, for kids from nine to 14, each child has his own terminal. Camps run for a week, Aug. 13-17; Aug. 20-24, cost \$95. Twenty-seven kids accepted for each group. Also, this is the first year Dal's offering a mini university program for kids, (continued on page CS13)

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News about hues

Why are so many Metro women going into analysis? Color analysis, that is.

A woman sits in front of a brightly lit mirror. Behind her stands color analyst Sheila Denison, who is holding a swatch made of 34 different colored strips under her client's chin. "See how these colors make your skin look drab," Denison points out. Then over the first "palette" she places another with different colors. "Now," she exclaims, "see how your face comes alive!"

Denison is manager of Colours, one of several color co-ordinating services whose popularity has grown in Metro over the past couple of years. Like most of these outfits, Colours uses a seasonal system of color co-ordination, loosely based on the color theory developed by Swiss artist Johannes Itten in the Twenties. Itten noticed that his students at the Bauhaus School of Art and Architecture in Germany invariably selected colors for their paintings that were complementary to their skin tones. He concluded that two colors, blue and yellow, predominated in the undertone of human skin, and that certain colors complemented each of these two types.

Creators of the seasonal color system have developed two palettes of cool colors (Winter and Summer) to complement skin with blue undertones, and two palettes of warm colors (Spring and Autumn) for skin with yellow undertones. Denison's client learns she is a Winter, and during the two-hour consultation will be shown what colors to wear and how to co-ordinate accessories with her season.

What makes a woman spend \$60 or \$80 to have someone else tell her what colors she should wear? For some women it's the desire for a whole new image; for others, it's the curiosity aroused by something new.

Ruth Kraushar of The Interlude places the popularity of her type of enterprise, and of many other self-improvement programs, on the fact that "women have become more interested in themselves, because now it's acceptable that they can be. At one time, the spare money was spent on the kids, or on the house. Women have more money now, and they're focusing on themselves. I think that's a good thing."

Mary Stephen, director of the Montessori Children's House in Halifax, was

at a social gathering a couple of years ago when her name was drawn for a color analysis. "I wasn't surprised to find I was a Winter. That's the season that can wear black and pure white and I've always been attracted to black and white." But she was delighted to be introduced to a whole new range of colors, especially the primaries. "I was really turned on to royal blue and yellow. I'd never thought of trying those colors before."

But what happens if after having your color consultation you find you're a Winter while your wardrobe is full of Spring colors? Very few of us can afford to go home, throw out everything and start again.

"Of course not," says Mary-Ann Bishop of Color by Season. "It's what is closest to the face that's the most important. If you've bought an expensive ultrasuede suit in the wrong color, you can correct it with a blouse or a scarf and co-ordinate it with the correct makeup and jewelry."

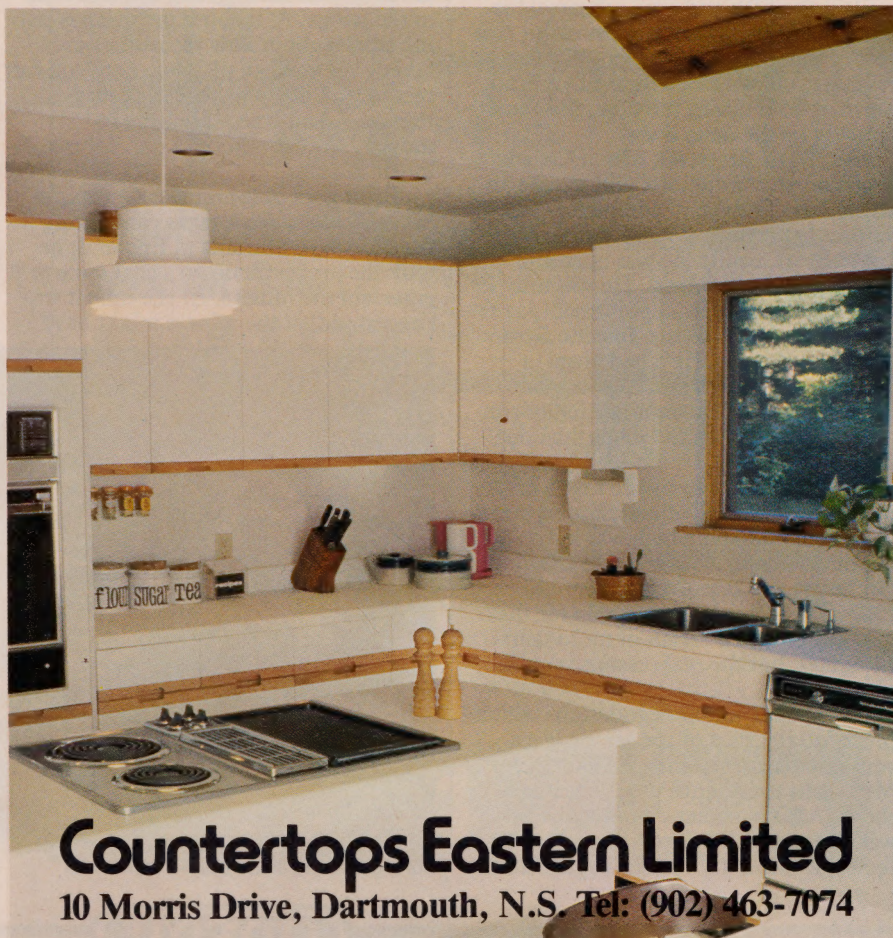
It took Trudy McLellan about a year to build up her wardrobe into the right combination of colors. McLellan, 24, who has dark brown hair, light skin and green eyes, found out that she was a Summer. "As a Summer, I get a lot of pastels. Unfortunately, my wardrobe was full of reds and Autumn colors. I also wore a lot of black." She hung on to one black dress she particularly liked, but finally gave it away to a friend.

McLellan finds that one advantage of

knowing exactly which colors are complementary to her skin is that it saves her time when she's shopping for clothes. Jean Smith of The Room at Simpsons finds that clients who have had their colors analysed save her time, too. "They don't try on things that aren't in their colors." Smith is a great believer in the importance of color. "You could be wearing a \$800 Dior dress," she says, "but if the color isn't right, it won't do anything for you." She admits that not all sales people share her enthusiasm for color analysis. "We had a gal in from our Toronto store, and she thinks it's all hogwash."

Color, after all, is only one part of fashion. Equally important are line, proportion and texture. Pamela Barnes, president of Self Image Ltd., who runs six-week wardrobe planning courses, feels that color is secondary to design. She finds that most women who've had a color analysis take it too seriously. "It's almost like a religion for them."

But it's not only women who are having their colors done. Trudy McLellan's husband was so impressed with the effect on his wife of her visit to Colours, he decided to have a color analysis. "He discovered he was a Spring," Trudy says. "He used to wear a lot of greys which aren't right for Springs. It's taking him longer than me to get his closet right. He didn't feel like throwing out all his grey suits." — Pat Lotz



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A day in the life of Boris Brott

The artistic director of Symphony Nova Scotia wants to build up a first-class musical organization in Halifax, and he's doing it his way

By Heather Laskey

On this May morning, the orchestra is rehearsing the Brahms Violin Concerto in D minor. The drama of the music swells and unfolds. The man on the podium is conducting and talking to the soloist, a small round figure in purple sweatshirt, grey flannel pants and loafers with two-inch-high soles. The conductor gestures to the musicians to stop. "Once more, please." They repeat the passage, and the conductor smiles. "The beer's on me, folks."

The musicians laugh. They have won the bet with conductor Boris Brott on how Isaac Stern would want the bowing (the technical interpretation of a string passage).

It is the fifth and final rehearsal for Symphony Nova Scotia's last major concert of their first season, a special fundraising event with tickets at \$25 a head. Stern, who is taking only half his usual fee, will be the main draw.

But Boris Brott, 40, one of Canada's best-known conductors, will also be an attraction. The son of conductor/violinist/composer Alexander Brott and Lotte Brott, cellist, he was born and brought up in Montreal. He was only 19 when he got his first appointment, as assistant conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. He's had posts in Canada and Britain and in later years, in keeping with the current fashion of conductors, he has juggled more than one post at a time.

Brott was chosen by the board of Symphony Nova Scotia to rebuild an orchestra in Halifax, which was left without one when the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra was dissolved in September, 1982. The official reason given for the dissolution was a deficit of more than \$400,000, but the real reasons remain obscure.

The board-union negotiations which preceded the start of the season were very painful for Atlantic Federation of Musicians president Peter Power and the ex-ASO musicians whose jobs he was trying to save. Brott, as artistic director of the newly formed organization,

was determined that the new orchestra should be built from scratch and that it should accord to his definition of high quality.

He was supported in this by the majority of the SNS board. "This is not a make-work project," said Michael Ardenne, board member and performing arts officer for the Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness. In the end, only seven of the 52 musicians were hired. "It was a wholesale slaughter of my people," says Power.

In fact, Symphony Nova Scotia does not have an orchestra, only a 12-player "camerata," as Brott calls it. This special concert, like others during the season, is being played by a pickup orchestra from around North America, with a heavy input from the large freelance pool of Toronto-based players.

The orchestra is now rehearsing the second and third movements of the concerto. Brott leads the musicians to follow Stern, who plays at him and at the violin section, drawing them into the interpretation. It is obvious that the orchestra is enjoying working with Stern, one of the finest violinists and musical personalities of our time.

When the orchestra finishes rehearsing the concerto, players and conductor applaud Stern, who is shepherded off the stage by Brott. The musicians take their half-hour break.

Musicians are great gossips and tellers of anecdotes. A group of them chat in the wings. A Toronto musician is telling stories about how recordings are faked: "If you can play one note you can record. . . I don't believe in recordings. . . ." Another: "I believe in money." Yet another: "I don't think music is a stunt."

Brott goes in for musical stunts. In his early 20s when he was conducting the Northern Sinfonia in England, he took the orchestra down a coal mine to entertain the miners. At the time it was suggested that the miners might have

appreciated it more if they had been brought to the surface to listen — never mind the risk to the musicians' instruments. During the season put on by a pro-tem organization last year, Brott conducted the orchestra on top of the North American Life Centre. While it was very dramatic on the TV screen, the musicians were worried about damage to their instruments, and that Brott might inadvertently leap backwards off the edge (a musical first, even for him). He tends to jump around on the podium and go in for pelvic gyrations, though only when there's an audience out front.

Some of his detractors maintain that he is more showman, and businessman, than musician. His admirers, including some solid musicians, disagree. An outside musician, asked what he thought of Brott as a conductor, says, "He's one of the best in North America — though he's not one of the top four or five. But there are conductors in New York not fit to tie his shoelaces."

The musicians have returned to their places and are now rehearsing Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for the second part of the program. "That's a bit too loud," Brott tells the orchestra. "Still too loud. . . that's better."

Musicians enjoy rehearsing with Brott. "I don't believe in belittling people," he says. "My rehearsal technique is to imbue the joy of the music. . . I get the best work by encouraging, not berating." However, he can be unpredictable during performances. "You have to watch him like a hawk," says one string player.

Victor Yampolsky of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra was a shouter who reduced some players to tears during rehearsals. He was respected as a musician but, unlike Brott, he was not a showman. It seems that showmanship is what Halifax audiences need to lure them to concerts. This season, the Main and Pop series have drawn houses of 85% minimum capacity, though not all the credit



Boris Brott and Isaac Stern in rehearsal.

ALBERT LEE

for this can go to Brott. The board of Symphony Nova Scotia has worked hard at promoting the concerts and getting the new organization off the ground.

At the end of the morning rehearsal, Brott gets into the Lincoln Continental he has hired to drive Stern around. "It's the least we can do for him," he says. He asks some of the out-of-town musicians if they want a lift back to the hotel. They put their instruments into the trunk and pile into the car. The atmosphere is relaxed. They joke about the beer.

In his hotel room, Brott gets on the phone to the Hamilton Philharmonic offices. "It's me again." He is their music director (he is also artistic director of the Stratford Summer Music Festival). He talks to the executive director, the librarian, the secretary, arranging other concerts, including one for children. "We'll do the Brandenburg number 2, last movement, then a piece 'What Is a Fugue?' . . . I'm going to write it myself, using the audience. Did the reviews come in from Israel yet? . . . They think they've found the scores in Paris? Lovely. . . . Try to negotiate a recording, I'll produce it. . . . Call Mulroney's assistant. Just arrange a meeting for Montreal or Toronto." (Brian Mulroney has asked for his advice on cultural policy.)

Arrangements for most of Brott's other activities like promotions, independent concerts and guest conducting are made by his wife, Ardyth, through Boris Brott Associates, the company she runs from their Hamilton home. "There are two aspects of my personality," Brott says, "the entrepreneurial quality and the musician."

He is a marvel of stamina, hard work and energy. He sleeps only four or five hours a night, then sometimes goes on "sleep binges 24 hours straight when I'm home." He started this morning at seven with a phone call to South Africa: "Apartheid's not a nice thing, but I believe music is non-political. Similarly, I don't agree with the Soviet system but I believe we should have cultural interaction." By eight, he was at CBC radio for a three-way conversation with Stern (still in his hotel room) and the *Morning-side* program in Toronto.

His business calls over, Brott goes down to lunch. He chats to a Hamilton violinist about a nine-year-old child prodigy they've heard out west. "The only thing you could question was the violin!" Brott was a *wunderkind* himself. At five, he gave his first public performance as a soloist, playing the violin with the Montreal Symphony. He likes children, and doesn't talk down to them. His school concerts are excellent, the program adapted to different age groups. He teaches the youngsters tricks, and usually gets one of them to conduct the orchestra.

Why did he take on Halifax?

"I wanted to find a solution to how to get a first-class musical organization functioning in this city; set up the structure and leave a healthy organization behind me. There are only two Canadian principal conductors — Mario [Bernardi] and myself. So when called upon to help, it behoves one to agree. The situation intrigues me because it is so difficult. Of course, there's no doubt that Hamilton, where I've been for 15 years, is my principal arena."

Brott has served the first of the three years of his contract with Symphony Nova Scotia. He and the board's executives are negotiating for a larger full-time orchestra for next season. His contract gives him unusually arbitrary hir-

ing powers (the normal procedure is to use an auditioning committee). As Brott puts it, SNS is "the last-chance saloon" for this city to have a resident symphony orchestra. And he is doing it his way.

After lunch he heads for the Symphony office for a meeting. "Then I'll sleep for an hour, shower, relax, go over the score quietly, then to the concert hall by seven-thirty."

On the way to the office he parks the Lincoln by the liquor store to get the beer. Despite his remonstrations, neither the checkout clerk nor the manager will let him take the five 12-packs out in a push cart. It is one of the few occasions that Boris Brott does not get his own way. **C**

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It looks much like any other large family home in Halifax's South End. There are boots and shoes scattered about inside the door, and in the playroom on the first level, sunshine spills over a myriad of dolls, teddys and bunnies. But the stethoscope around the neck of the giant Smurf hints at something different.

This is the Ronald McDonald House, and its occupants have at least two things in common: They are families with children undergoing treatment at the nearby Izaak Walton Killam Hospital and they're away from home.

There are more than 50 Ronald McDonald houses in North America. Established in cities with major children's hospitals, they provide inexpensive accommodation for out-of-town parents of sick children. The name was chosen by the first group to set up a house, in Philadelphia, in 1974, because the friendly clown is someone whom children everywhere recognize. Although the McDonalds restaurant franchise has been generous with donations, it does not own the houses.

For parents like Darlene and Edward Cahill of Alberton, P.E.I., Halifax's Ronald McDonald House has been a blessing. When their daughter Mandy was two months old, she was diagnosed as having cystic fibrosis. Three days later she was taken to Halifax by Air/Sea Rescue for treatment at the IWK. Since January, Mandy has returned with her parents for stays of one to three weeks at the hospital.

This has meant long separations from the two children at home. Because rooms at Ronald McDonald House are only \$7 per night, per family, the Cahills brought the children to Halifax on one occasion. Darlene says, "Once they came to Halifax, visited with the baby and saw where we stayed, they could handle it [the separation] easier."

The Halifax house got under way two years ago, when Dr. Allan Pyesmany of the IWK and a group of

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concerned parents organized the Friends of Children (Atlantic) Association, to establish, own and operate the Ronald McDonald House.

After setting up a budget, the group's next task was to find a suitable house. After scouting around, they found a former boarding house on Tower Road, which they purchased for \$133,000. The architects and contractors who worked on the renovations charged less than the going rates. McDonalds restaurants throughout the Maritimes pledged \$200,000 to the house over a three-year period. Other funds came from service clubs, sororities, corporations and towns. Students at Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., had a Trampoline-A-Thon to raise money and groups everywhere had bake sales, sold T-shirts and but-

deal by any standards. When Brenda and Bill Adams of Kensington, P.E.I., arrived in Halifax for the first time, they found the hotels costing between \$40-\$70 per night. Their 14-year-old son, Troy, has cerebral palsy and required corrective leg surgery. The second time they came to Halifax they booked into Ronald McDonald House and spent their days at the hospital while he recovered from bone fusion surgery on his foot. The second trip has been less worrisome for the Adamses. They're close to the IWK so they didn't have to rent a car. "It's not expensive and it's handy," Brenda says.

Parents help by looking after most of the day-to-day upkeep. They vacuum, tidy up and maintain their own rooms. Darlene Cahill didn't know what to expect when she and Mandy first arrived. "I thought each family would have an area all to themselves." Instead, she found a home-like atmosphere in which she could prepare her own meals (working around a hospital schedule), read or watch TV in the living-room, or do laundry.

But the strength of the house lies in the support parents receive from one another as they wait out the ordeal with their children. "When you come to a strange place, you feel sorry for yourself," says Cahill. "You feel you're the only person in this predicament. But people here have gone through the same things you have."

House manager Eileen Borden is the only salaried employee and she left a six-year position at the IWK to take on the job. She's become a den mother to many of the guests. "I like people and they'll sit and talk," Borden says. "I'm somebody to listen to them." She explains that children under 19 years of age won't be admitted to the house unless accompanied by a parent. Some children receive treatments as outpatients, returning to the house afterward. Rooms are booked to a 99% capacity. "There are usually about 10 families on the waiting list to get in," Borden says. The majority of guests come from New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Borden lives in five days a week and she's on call 24 hours a day. About 25 volunteer workers from around the city lend a hand and Borden's daughter also helps on weekends.

Borden says she stays close to families even after they go back to their own homes. A wall hanging on her office door reads "Love Is Kind." For parents like the Cahills and Adamses, knowing Ronald McDonald House is there has been a relief. It's a home away from home. Cahill sums it up. "There are no strangers at Ronald McDonald House."

— Pam Lutz



Borden: House manager and den mother tons to drum up interest.

Twelve members make up the board of directors of Ronald McDonald House, five of whom serve as executives who meet once a month to discuss things like house maintenance. Treasurer Bernie Hum says the aim for fund-raising now is "not to turn over a profit. It's just to maintain the house." This costs about \$50,000 a year. Fuel bills alone ran to \$6,800 in '83 with maintenance at \$6,000. Hum adds that revenues from room fees "just about cover our operating expenses."

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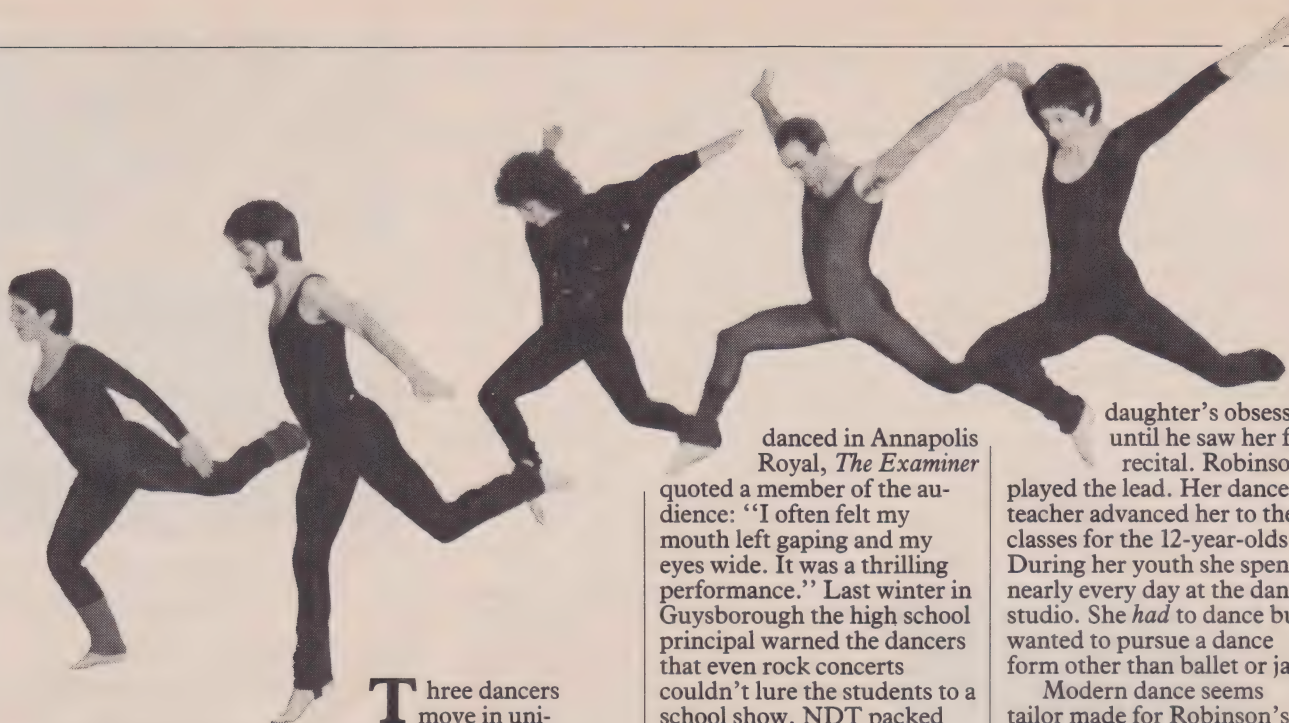
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CITYSTYLE



Dancing up a storm

Nova Dance Theatre may be a small-town company, but there's nothing small-town about the visions artistic director Jeanne Robinson has for the company's future

By Roma Senn

Three dancers move in unison, legs piercing the air, torsos twisting. Halifax choreographer-dancer Jeanne Robinson tells them to "visualize the music" as they move across the hardwood dance floor in her airy Barrington Street studio. She wants to create an "explosion" of movement for "Options" — a work based on a science-fiction short story by John Varley about sex changes. "Energize your arms," she tells a dancer. "It's as sloppy as all hell," says Robinson, an accomplished choreographer, as the dancers start rehearsing the piece. "Let's repeat it."

They'll repeat it many times before they present it at the Dalhousie Arts Centre this fall. That's when the five-member Halifax-based Nova Dance Theatre kicks off its home season. Robinson, the 36-year-old Boston-born artistic director, wants to make the three-year-old modern dance company top notch. "I'm not expecting to be Canada's best tomorrow," she says, "but I do hope to be one of Canada's best companies in the very near future."

In Nova Scotia, Nova Dance Theatre (NDT) is dancing up a name for itself. Metro audiences like the group so much that it doubled its home-season performances to four nights. "Locally we are respected," Robinson says. When they

danced in Annapolis Royal, *The Examiner*

quoted a member of the audience: "I often felt my mouth left gaping and my eyes wide. It was a thrilling performance." Last winter in Guysborough the high school principal warned the dancers that even rock concerts couldn't lure the students to a school show. NDT packed the assembly. (The students went wild when Cliff LeJeune breakdanced.) "Dance is what the kids want," Robinson says. So do many adults. NDT electrified audiences from Shelburne to Neil's Harbour in Cape Breton. "It's a real treat to have these people come out," says dancer Louise Hoyt.

Unlike ballet, modern dance doesn't have a long tradition in Nova Scotia; Nova Dance is the province's only professional modern dance company. "In a sense we're pioneers," says Robinson who helped introduce it to Nova Scotia audiences in the early Seventies. Modern dance, which incorporates movements from all dance forms, began at the turn of the century as a rebellion against the rigidity of classical ballet and the triteness of show dancing. "It's the speculative arm of dance," Robinson said during an interview at her dance studio.

She loves to talk — especially about dance. She zooms in a dozen directions. Her hands and arms move constantly as she talks. It's easy to see that she's studied theatre. Robinson, a self-described "big lady," always wanted to dance. As a child her "old Italian grandfather" would play the banjo and she'd prance about the room. At nine, she began ballet and jazz lessons in Boston. Her father was skeptical about his

daughter's obsession until he saw her first recital. Robinson

played the lead. Her dance teacher advanced her to the classes for the 12-year-olds. During her youth she spent nearly every day at the dance studio. She *had* to dance but wanted to pursue a dance form other than ballet or jazz.

Modern dance seems tailor made for Robinson's imagination. "You can invent new ways of dancing." A reviewer for the national publication *Dance in Canada* said of one of Robinson's early works for NDT: "'Elsewhen' took traditional, regional ingredients—and infused them with a modern sensibility, blended them into a dance fantasy which spoke to city, mountain and prairie alike." Of "reMembering" *Dance in Canada* said: "Technically and artistically 'reMembering' was a cut above everything else on the program and puts dance in Halifax firmly beyond the boundaries of mere local interest."

In the early Seventies Robinson moved to Nova Scotia ("I wanted to see ocean without the density of population"), taught dance in Halifax, danced with Halcyon Dance Theatre, Nova Scotia's first professional modern dance company, and got a Canada Council grant to tour a "one woman show on dance" to 25 schools in the Annapolis Valley. "I wanted to make them [students] as excited about dance as I possibly could," Robinson says, of the school tour. Later, she married Spider Robinson, now an internationally acclaimed science-fiction writer, and stopped dancing for a while after the birth of Luanna Mountain-borne (Jeanne and Spider met on the North Mountain in the

Annapolis Valley). She'd only stopped dancing once before: During an "identity crisis" at 20. When she felt Luanna was old enough to leave she went to New York to study "and tried to get my body back to dancing standards." Robinson knew exactly what she wanted: She dreamed of forming a modern dance company in Halifax. It never occurred to her it wouldn't work. No one mentioned that conservative Nova Scotians might not support anything as eclectic as modern dance.

Today the big problem isn't a lack of audience support; it's lack of money. Until last spring NDT didn't have enough money to pay dancers full-time. Then, the feds came through with a \$70,000 NEED (New Employment Expansion and Development) grant — enough money to help pay Robinson, four dancers and an administrator. Now everyone's sitting tight again. For the 1984-85 season, NDT expects to receive some funding from

the Nova Scotia Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness and the Canada Council. Robinson can't contemplate not getting the money. "We go ahead assuming it will happen," she says optimistically. In its 1984-85 projections NDT counts on getting about 57% of its \$100,000-plus budget from government sources.

Not knowing if the company will survive obviously worries the dancers. "This might be our last season," Cliff LeJeune says. "It's awful to think about that." LeJeune, a 27-year-old native of Sydney, N.S., who first danced with NDT three years ago, acts and sings as well. This summer he's performing at the Stephenville Festival in Newfoundland. A lean, light-footed dancer, he says acting comes more naturally to him than dance. He only started dancing at 23.

NDT's dancers don't all have conventional dance backgrounds — they didn't all start dancing when they

were kids — nor do they all fit the conventional image of what dancers look like: Sinewy, swan-like stunners. "I don't buy company members on how they look," Robinson says. "I look at them as human beings." Human beings who can dance. And how they dance. Movement comes as natural to them as doves in flight. "They sparkled, flew, hummed — literally hummed — and sang as they danced apparently for sheer joy," *Dance in Canada* said about one of their early works.

André Fairfield, who's now 25, started dancing four years ago in Ottawa. He wanted to lose weight. Today, he's slight, five-foot-five, and 122 pounds but he once weighed 192 pounds. "I wanted to exercise," he says. "I knew that dance was the best way to work all your muscles. I got hooked." He quit school, took two dance classes a day six days a week, got a part-time job in a restaurant. At first, his teachers gave him little en-

couragement. "You're too short and too fat," one told him. He persevered. He took more dance lessons and eventually began to perform. He got the lead in the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* which toured Las Vegas and Los Angeles, but a sprained ankle forced him to cut short his performance. Last summer he joined NDT.

Louise Hoyt, 28, planned to become a wild-life conservationist and, in the mid-Seventies, studied science at Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S. But in her second year something happened: She choreographed an amateur production at the university. "It was so exciting," she says. "It took over. She finished university, got a job in Halifax — her home town — as a biologist but before long felt "stifled." She started dance classes and quickly picked up jazz. In 1980 she moved to Toronto, and while studying dance looked for dance work. Everywhere she went they told her, "You're



(Clockwise, from L-R) Jeanne Robinson, Cliff LeJeune, Louise Hoyt, André Fairfield, Christiane Miron

too skinny and too tall." When she returned home three years ago she met Robinson at a choreography workshop — she's choreographed for amateur productions, the CBC and the Yarmouth Summer Theatre — and began dancing with the company.

Christiane Miron, 26, who grew up near Montreal, had a more conventional dance background. She started dancing at 16. Miron, a chunky, five-foot-two dancer with a pleasing French accent, welcomed the chance to dance with a professional company — her first time. "I needed to refresh my work with other people," she says. Miron says she feels a deep inner need to dance. "I have to dance," she says. "It makes me happy

to try other ways to move." In a piece she choreographed for an NDT performance in the spring — and for the company's fall season — she created a "wild" jungle ambience with African music. Miron intends the dancers, Cliff LeJeune and André Fairfield "to follow their energies." When the rehearsal finishes LeJeune, in grey sweat pants and a sleeves-cut-out sweatshirt, flops on the floor, arms and legs spread. He's panting.

Dancing, LeJeune says, "is so intense. You feel that physical stress." Often, he dances 10 hours a day. (All NDT dancers also teach at DancExchange, the company's instructional arm.)

Louise Hoyt presses an ice pack to her sore neck. Occasionally, they're all plagued by aches and pains. Hoyt looks pained as she dances. "If you can't dance with your body visualize it in your head," Jeanne Robinson tells Hoyt as the company practises Robinson's "Options." After the rehearsal they all discuss any problems with the piece. Robinson expects them to tell her exactly what they think. They do. "Each one of my members is independent," she says later. "I cultivate that feeling. I want them to think." She doesn't want to be "artistic dictator." Hoyt tells Robinson that it's unlikely younger members of the audience will recognize one of the music pieces that relates to "Options." Robinson says it's not a problem.

They all seem to get along well together. The studio, in a Victorian building, exudes warmth. "I want us to feel like an extended family," Robinson says. She's got plans for her brood. She wants to do more tours, at home and abroad; more school shows, more workshops. Every year she'd like to add a new dancer to the small company. Her dreams, she says, might take a lifetime to come true but she's made Nova Dance Theatre her lifelong commitment. "It may be a small-town company," she says, "but it's not a small-town vision."



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(continued from page CS3)

10 to 15. One of the two modules offers computer science in a program that includes geology, pharmacy, kinesiology and fitness, recreation pursuits and activities at Dalplex. For more information call Gladdi Moses, program co-ordinator, 424-2558.

Halifax Ladies' College/Armbrae Preparatory School — These private schools offer computer camps for beginners and intermediate-level students. Both levels use BASIC as the programming language. At the beginners' level, instructors introduce students to computers, teaching them the very basics of programming. Students learn direct and indirect modes of computers, how to make lists and print statements. Intermediate-level students learn nested loops, color graphics, input and output devices, programming. Twenty-eight students register per session. Each student has his own terminal. Camps, for students aged nine to 14, run for a week from July 2 to Aug. 31. Each camp includes three hours of computer instruction and two hours of recreation — swimming and field sports — daily. Cost: \$50. For more information call Halifax Ladies' College, Oxford St., Halifax, 423-7920.

LOGO Computer Camp — For the first year Halifax County-Bedford District School Board will offer LOGO as the programming language during its weekly camps that run from July 9 to Aug. 9. The camps, for students from grades 3 to 8, vary according to the child's computer experience. At the beginner level teachers introduce students to LOGO. They learn primitive commands, build creative skills. More experienced students learn simulations and animation, continuing their regular school-term computer classes. The school board sees the camps as an extra opportunity for parents and children. Each session consists of 15 hours of instruction with two children assigned to one terminal. Forty camps operate throughout the county. Extra places in the camp may be offered to children outside Halifax county. Each session costs \$35 per child.

Radio Shack Computer Camp — Eight- to 11-year-olds take the beginner course using LOGO. They learn input and output, shape concepts, design their own concepts, experiment and doodle. At level two, 12- to 15-year-olds work with BASIC on high-resolution graphics, learning how to print output, tackle sub routines, compile file structures, circles and lines, play a tune. They spend a day on LOGO during the week-long session. Students spend three hours a day on the computer with the last half-hour devoted to games of skill, developing hand-eye co-ordination.

There are team competitions and group-participation events at both levels. Top students sometimes help with the instruction. Both level courses cost \$50 per week. Radio Shack will likely conduct a one-week session with Dartmouth Parks and Recreation at Shubie Park, combining computer instruction with recreation. Ten students register per session. Each child has his own terminal. For more information call Radio Shack Computer Center, 133 Wyse Road, Dartmouth, 463-4910.

YWCA — The Y will use either LOGO or BASIC as the programming language on a PRIME system. Stephanie Simonsen, youth program co-ordinator, says the camp is de-

signed both for kids who can pay and for those who wouldn't otherwise get the chance to work with computers. The aim is to introduce kids to computers at a level they can understand. The camps continue where the school-term computers left off and stress math assignments in a "fun work environment." Two kids work on each terminal. The computer centre, next door to the Y, is equipped with typewriters so that while one student works the terminal the other can practise his typing. The camps, for kids five to 17 run for a week two hours a day from July 9 to Aug. 31. Cost per week is \$45. For more information call the YWCA, 423-6162.

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ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

Anna Leonowens Gallery (N.S. College of Art and Design.) July 3-7: Gallery II, Installation by Paul Landon and Derek Dennett. To July 6: Gallery I, *Condition Red*: Installation by Gary Spearin. July 9 - 27: Gallery I, *Present the Past: Visit the Past*: photographs by Robert Beam. July 10 - 14: Gallery II, Owen Bull, ceramics; Gallery III, Chandar Chopra, textiles and works on paper. July 17 - 21: Gallery II, Alison Grapes, paintings; Gallery III, John Will, videotapes. July 24 - 28: Gallery II, Steve Heinemann, ceramics. 1889 Granville Street. 422-7381, Ext. 184. Hours: Tues., Sat., 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Thurs., 11 a.m. - 9 p.m.; Sun., 11 a.m. - 3 p.m.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia May 25 - July 30: John O'Brien (1832 - 1891): *Marine Painter*. A major exhibit by one of the most promising artists of pre-Confederation Canada. He illustrated ship portraits for N.S. owners, naval arrangements and voyage narratives that portray our sailing age. To July 15: *The Hague School: Collecting in Canada at the Turn of the Century*. An exhibit of 36 paintings and 13 photographs with documentation by Dutch artists active in The Hague during the last half of the 19th century. 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m. - 5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m. - 9 p.m.; Sun., 12 noon - 5:30 p.m.

Dalhousie University Art Gallery. To July 8: *Michael Snow: Walking Woman Works, 1961 - 67*. A comprehensive look at the *Walking Woman Works* of Canadian artist Michael Snow. This exhibit brings together roughly 75 sculptures, prints, drawings and paintings which incorporate Snow's image of the walking woman. July 12 - August 19: *Ancient Ceramics of the New World*. An exhibit of ceramics dating from ca. 1000 BC to AD 1500 including examples of utilitarian objects — bowls, vessels and dishes — and religious objects and figures. The works are from Mexico, Chile, Costa Rica and Peru. *Pre-Columbian Fertility Figures and Pottery* from Mexico. Private Collection from Dartmouth. *The William Bell Taylor Collection of*

Pre-Inca Pottery. This collection of 28 huacos was excavated by W.B. Taylor Jr. near the Temple of the Moon in Moche, Peru. Phone 424-2403, Dalhousie Campus. Hours: Tues. - Fri., 11 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Sat. - Sun., 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. **Dartmouth Heritage Museum.** To July 15: Janet Carnham, mixed July 16 - Aug. 15: Judith Bartlet, mixed. 100 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2300.



Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. To July 8, Downstairs Gallery: *Dykeland*. An exhibit of 40 b/w photographs of the Tantramar Marsh by Thaddeus Holownia of Sackville, N.B. Upstairs Gallery, *Works on Paper*. Paintings of the landscape and environment of the Bay of Fundy by Toronto artist Dwight Siegner. July 11 - Aug. 12. Downstairs Gallery, *Halifax Storm Porches*. Color photographs by Renatta Depte of Halifax. The artist says porches developed various forms through the 19th and 20th centuries, "from the do-it-yourself job bordering on folk art ... to the more standard structure supplied by the master builder. Upstairs Gallery; *CAR on the Road*. An exhibit of works by 30 Newfoundland artists. On regional tour and features Chris and Mary Pratt. There will be an opening reception at the Gallery Wed., July 11th at

8:00 p.m. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon., - Fri., 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Tues., till 9 a.m.; Sat. & Sun., 12 noon - 5 p.m.

School of Architecture Gallery (Technical University of Nova Scotia). July 13 - 27: One woman show by Umeta Sparks, painting. Mon., - Fri., 9 a.m. - 5 p.m. For further information call 429-8300.

Nova Scotia Museum. Special exhibit through July and August on the history of aviation in the Maritimes. Front foyer. Museum hours: Mon. - Sat., 9:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. Sun 1 p.m. - 5:30 p.m. 1747 Summer St. For more information call 429-4610.

CLUB DATES

The Network Lounge, 1546 Dresden Row. July 2 - 7: *Honeymoon Suite*; July 9 - 14: *The Extras*; July 16 - 21: *See Spot Run*; July 23 - 28: *Razor Boy*; July 30 - Sun. 4: *Doc Savage*. Hours: Mon. - Sat. till 2 a.m.

Peddler's Pub, Lower Level, Delta-Barrington Hotel. July 2 - 7: *Tokyo Rose*; July 9 - 14: *The Aviators*; July 10 - 21: *Domino*; July 30 - Aug. 4: *The Customers*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m. - 11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m. - 12 midnight.

The Village Gate, 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. July 2 - 7: *Tense*; July 9 - 14: *The Customers*; July 16 - 21: *Brian Jones*; July 23 - 28: *Southside*; July 30 - Aug. 4: *Tokyo Rose*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m. - 11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m. - 12:30 a.m.

The Ice House Lounge, 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth. July 9 - 14: *Tense*; July 23 - 28: *Fast Forward*. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 11:30 - 2 a.m.; Sat., 5 p.m. - 2 a.m.

Teddy's Piano Bar, Delta-Barrington Hotel. Throughout July: Kim Bishop/Peggy Quinn. Hours: Mon. - Sat., 9 - 1 a.m. Happy Hour between 5 and 7 p.m.

Privateers Warehouse, Historic Properties. Middle Deck: July 2 - 7: *Hock Walsh*; July 9 - 21: *Frank Machay*; July 23 - Aug. 4: *Mason Chapman*. Lower Deck: July 2 - 7: *John Wasson*; July 16 - 21: *Mike Blakeney*; July 23 - 28: *Jerry McDaniel*. Hours: Lower Deck, 11:30 - 12:30 p.m.; Middle Deck, 11 - 2:30 a.m.

MOVIES AND DANCE

Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema. to July 5: *Confidentially Yours*, France; July 6 - 8: *The Seventh Seal*, Bergman from Sweden; July 9 - 12: *Cabin in the Sky* and *Stormy Weather*, U.S.A. 1943; July 13 - 19:

Koyaanisqatsi, U.S.A.; July 20 - 22:

Wild Style, U.S.A. July 23 - 26.

Return Engagement, U.S.A.; July 27 - August 2; *Heart Like a Wheel*, Kaplan from U.S.A. Showtimes: 7 & 9:00 each evening. Sunday matinees at 2:00 p.m. For information phone 422-3700. 1558 Barrington St.

Halifax Dance Association. *Chance to Dance*, July 2 - 27. An intensive four-week term of dance and fitness: Ballet, Jazz, tap, Dancersize and advanced jr./professional programs. For more information call 422-2006.



IN CONCERT

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The Grand Restaurants are open everyday; the bar, Monday through Saturday. The Grand, Spring Garden Place, 5640 Spring Garden Road. AE, MC & V, 421-1116.



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One of Halifax's oldest and finest dining establishments, The Henry House was the home of the Honourable William Henry, a Father of Confederation. The main dining room has been restored to its original bright, cheery Victorian elegance. Downstairs, the Little Stone Jug retains original stone walls and hand-hewn beams along with a cozy copper bar and wine cellar.

While the Restaurant is historic, the menu is definitely contemporary. The European born and trained chef uses only the freshest ingredients and prepares everything from scratch. Menus change weekly, with Lunch from \$4.75, Dinner a la carte from under \$10 and complete four course Dinners from \$17.

Open weekdays for Lunch, everyday for Dinner. AE, MC & V. The Henry House, 1222 Barrington Street. Reservations: 423-1309.



Champlain's Feast

To lift the spirits of settlers in the early 1600's at Nova Scotia's historic Port Royal, explorer-historian Samuel de Champlain initiated the "Order of Good Time" with feast and festivity. In this tradition, a group of young, energetic and talented entertainers help take you back to the year 1607 for an evening for good eating, imbibing, music and merriment.

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Champlain's Feast runs June 22 to September 15 with one sitting Tuesday through Sunday at 7 p.m. sharp. AE, MC & V. The Little Stone Jug, 1222 Barrington Street. By reservation only: 423-1309.



This is the ultimate in family dining! A cozy, farmhouse-like atmosphere filled with antiques and calico.

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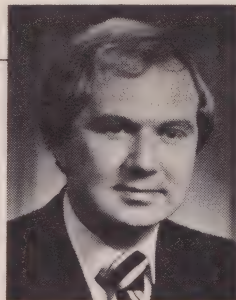
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The Beanery and Roadhouse, Bedford Place Mall, 1658 Bedford Highway. AE, MC & V. 835-3030.

Publisher's Letter



You should know what's happening with one of the region's major industries

Life for more and more people in the four Atlantic provinces is becoming increasingly urbanized.

There are more of us working in office towers than on farms, in the forests and in the fishery. And so it is easy to forget that the fishery — in all its many forms — is still making a major contribution to the economic well-being of the region.

However, for most of us, the fishery is something we only seem to think about when trouble of one kind or another puts it on the front pages, or even earns it a quick mention on *The National*.

Unfortunately, trouble seems to follow the fishery with all the voracity of tuna following the mackerel. And to carry that analogy a little further, the big ones swallowing the little ones (be they fish or fish companies) could be part of the current problems.

In a thoughtful and perceptive cover story, Ralph Surette helps us understand some of the forces at play.

Obviously, the fishery is not a simple business. Not anymore.

It is, like so many other businesses today, affected by an unlikely array of divergent forces — changing tastes and demands, new technology, fluctuating American interest rates. The fishery also suffers a unique bug-a-boo: The seven-year cycle is a boom-bust trend in fish prices that happens as regular as clockwork.

This is a fascinating story, impor-

tant to each and every one of us. While the closest that you may ever come to the fishery is a dish of frozen fish sticks, you cannot escape the impact that the fishery has on the regional economy, and on your lifestyle.

Disaster at sea

The tragic loss of the British tall ship *SV Marques* was a further reminder of the relentless and awesome power of the sea and the winds.

While we may pride ourselves on mankind's high-tech inventiveness, the conquest of space travel, and some startling advances in science and medicine, we should never forget how small we are in the over-all scheme of things.

As we share the grief of the relatives of those lost with the sinking of the *Marques*, we also salute the bravery of the survivors and of the sailors who went to their rescue.

Even such a tragedy as this cannot and should not prevent other young people from having the opportunity to pit themselves against the sea. The aims and objectives of the International Sail Training Association and its North American counterpart, the American Sail Training Association, are still valid.

So it is fitting that once again Atlantic Canada has responded with its heart. The Nova Scotia *Marques* Fund has been established for the furtherance of sail training, under the auspices of the two official organizations.

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FEEDBACK

Preachers in reverse

I read, with interest, your May cover story, *Two Preachers from Pictou*. I felt Harry Bruce stated what he had to say, for the most part, in a straightforward way. That's more than can be said for Steve Behal's out-of-focus picture. Perhaps this was an attempt to flatter the aging subjects; but how do you explain printing the picture in reverse? Surely Clarke doesn't carry "knocking the establishment" to the point that he has the buttonhole and dove on his right lapel?

R. G. Moore
Ellerslie, P.E.I.

Piping up for Tourism

It seems a bit petty to take pot shots at government officials who cannot come to their own defence. In an article in the March issue (*Stand Ready to Pipe Bill Percy Aboard CanLit*, Books) the writer relates that "bluenose tourism officials had been less than optimistic about the prospects for a guest house in Granville Ferry..." In fact, the department, through its accommodation and facilities division had encouraged additional accommodation in that area, at

that particular time. Consulting services are and have been available, on request, to anyone anticipating entry into the hospitality industry. Most of those who do take advantage of these services are gracious enough to acknowledge the fact.

Kay Macdonald
Halifax, N.S.

Unhappy ending

I was interested to read Chris Wood's article *So Safe You Could Drink It* (Special Report, May), dealing with the 1950s chemical spray program in New Brunswick. However, an obvious omission in the article for me, and perhaps for other readers, was Mr. Wood's failure to tell the fate of Joe Guerette. He was the power commission engineer in charge of brush-clearing along transmission lines, who apparently drank some of the spray mixture. Finish your article Mr. Wood.

Charles Fraser
Waterville, N.S.

Editor's note: Chris Wood reports that Joe Guerette is in poor health, having suffered two heart attacks

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Karma times at Acadia

When the director of the university's computer science department brought in four fellow Buddhists from the U.S.A. to teach, "things started going sour"

Picture this scene. It is the official opening of an annexe to the computer science department of a small-town university. The speeches are over, and to the amazement of the assembled dignitaries, a Tibetan monk starts intoning what seems to be a prayer and then walks around, offering the bewildered guests his hand to be kissed.

It happened at Acadia University in Wolfville in the fall of 1982 and was probably one of the more bizarre events in a story which is only now drawing to a conclusion.

It started back in 1980, when Dr. Tomasz Pietrzykowski became director of the university's school of computer science. He is a follower of the branch of Buddhism known as Vajrayana Buddhism, with headquarters in Boulder, Colo. Pietrzykowski's arrival coincided with a migration to Nova Scotia of other co-religionists, most of them from the U.S.A., and was followed by the estab-

lishment by their leader, Tibetan-born Chongyam Trungpa Rinpoche, of a new administrative and spiritual base on a farm in Falmouth, near Wolfville.

Over the next two years, Pietrzykowski brought four Buddhists from the U.S.A. into the department to teach and do research, with the result that nearly half the 11 faculty positions were filled by Buddhists. Pietrzykowski also gave another access to the school's computer facilities.

During the academic year 1982-83, following the appearance of Rinpoche at the opening of the new annexe, some of the other lecturers made formal complaints to the university's top administration. They charged that equipment essential to their work had been sold and replaced by computers unsuited to their needs; that director Pietrzykowski had hired new faculty members without going through the proper faculty consultation procedures; that the school's budget

and research grants had been reallocated; and that individuals and organizations had been granted access to the department's research and computer facilities.

There were also complaints that Pietrzykowski, as president of Gunakara Sun Systems, a company that sells computer software, had sent the career résumés of faculty members to Mobil Oil's offices in Halifax without their consent. (One of the disgruntled faculty chanced upon this information in a departmental garbage bin!)

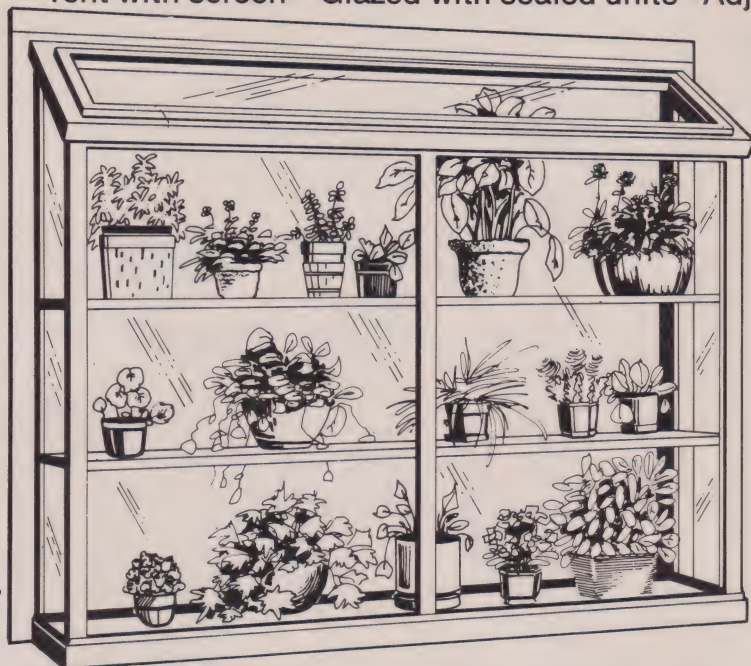
There were also rumblings of protest from the students. A group of them sent a petition to Acadia's administration complaining that one of the new professors would not or could not teach, and that there was a lack of adequate computer facilities and software. Kay Anderson, a fourth-year student majoring in computer science, says she saw students who, because of the inadequate teaching in one course, were "crying with distress because they were so nervous about their examinations. I know students who lost their scholarships because of [failing] that course."

In March, 1983, although worried that their actions might be interpreted as a witch-hunt or religious persecution, two of the original faculty members threatened to resign if the university administration did not remedy the prob-

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lems in the department and ask Pietrzykowski to resign. When nothing happened, Kay Anderson went to see Alex Colville, the artist who is also chancellor of the university.

Shortly afterward, the department learned that Pietrzykowski was stepping down, though it was not clear whether he was resigning, or, as claimed by university president Dr. J.R.C. Perkin, just taking a leave of absence. Pietrzykowski himself insists that he was asked to resign. He left Acadia in April, 1984. Of the four Buddhists he brought in, one has resigned, and the contracts of two others have not been renewed.

Was all this a case of religious persecution? Pietrzykowski, 49, a small grey-haired man with a gentle manner, says it was not. In halting English — he came to Canada from Poland in 1967 — he suggests that it was "more a perception of something unusual, alien and strange. Into a small establishment comes a rela-

realize the specificity of a small university and I probably overlooked various rules and regulations and I was not aware that I am doing these little transgressions."

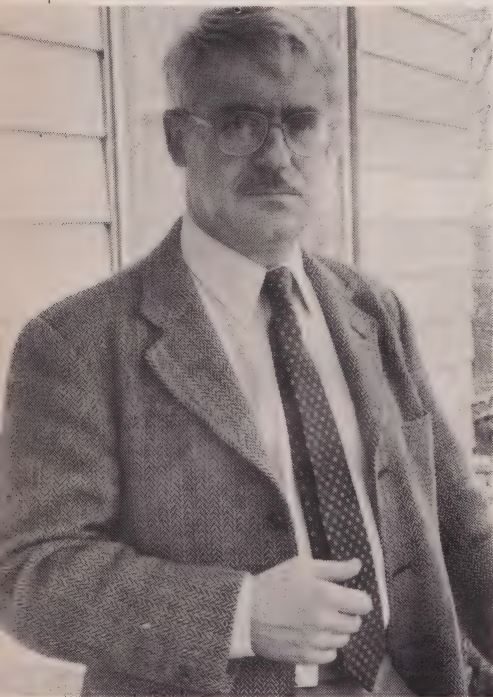
He also maintains that the university administration did not provide adequate financial support for the growth of the school. "Then there were conflicts between the newcomers and the old guys."

The "old guys" were, in particular, Professor Wayne Brehaut, 45, and Rick Giles, 34, who is now acting head of the department. Brehaut claims that his sabbatical year, 1982-83, was disrupted because of the dispute and the lack of the computer resources he required. He believes that the whole affair was about

"the establishment of a Buddhist commune in Nova Scotia and that the department was being used to help as an immigration office to help in the greater cause. It is important that we be aware how easy it is for a special interest group to gain control of a university department, especially a small department in a small university."

Pietrzykowski will start teaching in the fall at the Technical University of Nova Scotia in Halifax, where, he says, the top administration are "people with wide horizons." Except for the Acadia students who may not have enough teachers next year, the story, he says, "seems to have a happy ending."

— Heather Laskey



CHERYL LEAN

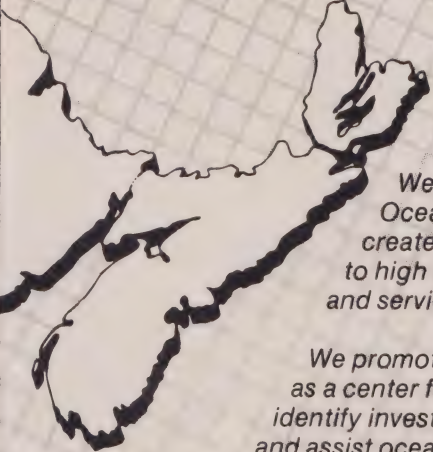
Pietrzykowski: Unaware of transgressions

tively large group. There is a different reaction from colleagues.... Old-timers didn't feel comfortable with newcomers."

Pietrzykowski, says that one of the factors which created the problem is the "computer science crisis — it is extremely difficult to find qualified faculty." Despite this difficulty, he points out, he was able, "through private connections," to bring in more teachers. He also points out that the number of students in the department has increased since he took over. "I thought Acadia could become a small but important centre for computer science education and research. My naivety! After 2½ years, things started going sour."

Of the allegations that proper procedures had not been followed, Pietrzykowski admits that "generally the complaints could be substantiated. I did not

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Unsettled weather ahead for the MFU

It took organizers 10 years to launch the Maritime Fishermen's Union. Will it survive its maiden voyage?

It's been a long 10 years for Gilles Thériault, of Shediac, N.B., the balding, bespectacled president of the Maritime Fishermen's Union. For a decade, Thériault and a small group of supporters fought indifference from government, opposition from fish-buyers and other fishermen, even intimations of communist influence, in a bid to bring collective bargaining to Maritime fishermen.

Four months ago, the MFU was finally recognized as bargaining agent for several hundred New Brunswick fishermen, and Gilles Thériault sat down to negotiate his members' first contract with fish-buyers. But not every fisherman wants to be a union man, too. And fresh storm-clouds are already brewing that threaten to swamp the new union on its maiden voyage.

Still, Thériault considers it a major triumph to have reached even this far. For much of the last 10 years, a fishermen's union seemed to be an idea whose time would never come. The union was perennially short of funds to support organizing expenses, despite subsidies from the Canadian Labor Congress and unionized postal workers.

Victory first seemed imminent three years ago, on a day of unaccustomed late winter sunshine, when several hundred fishermen marched on the provincial legislature in Fredericton to demand that the MFU be recognized.

The date was March 24, 1981, and the occasion, the opening of the legislature of New Brunswick. A few minutes later, Lt.-Gov. Hedard Robichaud, reading the speech from the throne, intoned the promise the fishermen had travelled en masse to Fredericton to demand: Legislation during the sitting to grant New Brunswick fishermen the right to organize unions.

But Thériault's satisfaction that day was premature. The promised legislation was introduced only 48 hours before the session ended. The bill died on the order paper. The Fisheries Bargaining Act was not passed until the spring of 1982.

Two more years passed before the MFU was officially recognized as bargaining agent for some 600 fishermen between Cape Tormentine and Chatham, N.B. On March 23, 1984, the province's newly formed Fishing Industrial Relations Board gave the union sole

bargaining rights on behalf of fishermen in the region for seven varieties of fish.

"We won all the way down the line," an ecstatic Thériault boasted to reporters, as he announced the long-sought certification at a Moncton press conference. "It's a very important, historic moment."

Whether the MFU will write fisheries history, or become merely a footnote in some future Kirby Report, however, is far from clear. The fishermen who fought for over a decade to win union rights hope the MFU will redress an imbalance of power between fishermen and fish-processors. They hope the new organization will bring more stable prices, and fringe benefits like health insurance that other workers have enjoyed for years.

But the MFU's 10-year struggle for existence has left the organization exhausted by debt. Not all its members are entirely happy with their bargaining agent. And ambitious expansion plans have had to be put on hold, as the organization wrestles for the first time with the reality of negotiating a contract with New Brunswick fish buyers.

Union negotiators had planned to have a first contract in force before the spring lobster season opened in May. In the light of events, the hope appears at best optimistic, and perhaps naive as well. Fish buyers, who traditionally postpone setting a buying price for lobster until enough of the season has elapsed to judge market prices, have no reason to press for an early settlement. Indeed, in what the MFU fears was a stalling tactic, the buyers' chief negotiator left for a vacation days before the season began.

Both sides at the table are handicapped by inexperience. "We're not used to dealing with unions," admits Peter Dysart, executive director of the N.B. Fish Buyers Bargaining Association, which represents the majority of the province's buyers. The association, Dysart adds, is moving cautiously in accepting terms that may "set the tone for all future contracts."

The first few contracts signed between the MFU and fish buyers could well set a pattern for prices and benefits that New Brunswick fishermen will have to live with for the balance of the decade. Union negotiators are seeking a variety of health benefits and a promise of stable prices for fish.

The union's top priority, though, is

a clause few rank-and-file fishermen are likely to welcome: Automatic deduction of union dues from fish sales within the union's jurisdiction, whether or not the fisherman involved has officially joined the MFU.

Dues, always a sensitive point for unions, have been a particular headache for the MFU. Only a fraction of its 3,000 card-carrying Maritime members voluntarily remit their \$100 annual membership fee, and in January, Thériault warned delegates to the union's annual general meeting that the organization could be "counting its last days," if finances did not improve.

Any fringe benefits the MFU manages to win in early contracts will also weigh heavily on its hopes for expanding its jurisdiction to other parts of New Brunswick, and into Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. But even within the MFU's home province, more fishermen are outside of the union than are inside.

"The MFU," concedes Rick Williams, a negotiator for the union, "is an organization of Acadian fishermen in many ways." And Williams believes the fact is "an important factor" against the union's organizing efforts in some parts of the Maritimes.

But for many, probably most, non-union fishermen, language divisions take distant second place to differing notions of just what a fisherman does, and exactly where he stands in the hierarchy of an industry with sales of \$1 billion a year.

"There are two views of fishermen," says Rory McLellan, of the staunchly anti-MFU P.E.I. Fishermen's Association. "One view is that he is an independent businessman who sells a product. The other [that he is] a laborer who works for a company that processes fish."

McLellan objects strongly to the MFU's concept of fishermen as employed workers, not as independent entrepreneurs.

Indeed, the MFU confronts dissenters within its own membership. Members of a fishermen's co-operative on Lamèque Island, N.B., fought unsuccessfully against being included in the MFU's jurisdiction. Now, they're seeking changes in the Fisheries Bargaining Act allowing them to opt out.

Other independent fishermen, however, see a strong union as their last best hope for an independent voice in a fishery that is becoming increasingly the private preserve of a handful of corporate giants. "We need strength in numbers," believes Hasse Lindblad, an MFU member from Pictou, N.S.

This belief, which has led the Maritime Fishermen's Union through a 10-year struggle for recognition, faces its most severe test yet in the negotiations toward a first contract that are likely to continue throughout the summer.

— Chris Wood

Quarrelling over family life

The controversy that erupted over the introduction of family life education into the Island's largest school unit was bitter, but at least one board member believes it had positive results

When Prince Edward Island's largest school unit introduced plans for a family life education program last winter, it unleashed one of the bitterest controversies in the Island's memory. School board members received harassing phone calls and threats from parents who pledged to "keep sex education out of the schools." Now, after months of hair-pulling debate Unit Three will introduce the program and at least one school board member, Cathy Carmody, says some good has resulted from the wrenching process. "Certainly, the parents are far better informed about what is going on in the schools because of the controversy," she says.

It all started in January when Unit Three, the largest of P.E.I.'s five school units (it has 44% of the Island's 24,000 students, including those in the Charlottetown area), announced it would add a family life education program to the curriculum for elementary, junior high and high schools. Before long some parents started to complain. They charged that "open-ended sex education" sections in the program would undermine parental responsibility and impose values contrary to Judeo-Christian traditions.

The battle began. Parents who opposed the program staged public meet-

ings, appeared on popular radio talk shows while both sides in the issue cranked out a steady stream of letters to the editor for the daily papers. Neighbor turned against neighbor. At one point the RCMP investigated reports that opponents of the program had circulated allegedly pornographic material as an example of the kind of teaching material included in the program.

After three weeks of verbal warfare, the Unit Three board presented a revised proposal, stating that it accepted the principle that responsibility for family life education rests primarily with parents. The major program revisions included the provision for individual school committees comprised of parents, teachers and school administrators. The committees would judge the programs and screen supplementary materials for family life education.

Another round of public debate followed the revised proposal. In April, more than 1,000 people jammed a high school auditorium when the 13-member school board scheduled an open meeting to vote on the issue. A parade of speakers spoke for and against the proposal. One high school group tabled a request signed by 430 students favoring family life education. Another group, supported by a fundamentalist church, in-

troduced a document with 1,600 signatures opposing the program. Board member Joe Dorsey, who opposed the program, said the debate had caused ill-will between the school and community. Another board member Ross Lewis received rousing support at the meeting when he said: "The school has no right to teach values to my children." He said the program was yet to be proven effective. "As a farmer, there is no way I will try anything that hasn't been proven will work on my potato crop." But, when the board took the vote, the pro-family life education forces had won by an eight-to-five margin.

Education Minister Leone Bagnell, a former teacher, refused to get involved in the debate despite pressure to take sides. But after the board's decision, Bagnell told the P.E.I. legislature she planned to "review family life education programs to ensure there is a high degree of consensus on materials used, and the rights of minority groups who may object [to materials] are safeguarded." Bagnell, who agrees that the primary responsibility for family life education rests with parents, wants the church and the school to support parents in carrying out their responsibilities in this subject. New programs, she said, should be developed "at the local school level, with the major input and initiative coming from parents — not the school."

Cathy Carmody, chairman of the school board's curriculum committee that sponsored family life education, says that schools will teach the program as part of the health curriculum at the elementary school level, as part of health and home economics in junior high and as a separate elective course in high school. School principals will assign the teachers to family life education programs and ensure that parents get the chance to get to know them. Basically, the program will concentrate on the family unit, the role of the family in society, male and female roles, decision-making, personal growth and development. High school students will cover dating, marriage, implications of marriage and establishing the family unit.

Carmody says she's happy with the result of the debate; she's less happy with the process. "We saw a real need for family life education," she says, "but we ran into more opposition than we expected." Parents, she says, worried about just what teachers would cover. "People were scared we were going to soft-peddle birth control, attitudes towards homosexuality and lesbianism, sexual freedom and godless values." Still, she says, the results made it all worthwhile, and the debate made parents better informed about the schools. "It has raised the whole level of consciousness about schools, curriculum and family life education," she says.

— Bill Ledwell



Carmody: "We saw a real need for family life education".

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If your visit to the beach means a family adventure with swimming, sand castles, sunbathing, beachcombing and just plain relaxing, then choose among the beaches at Port Joli, Summerville, Hunt's Point and Beach Meadows. All these beaches offer the traditional seaside activities in addition to nearby restaurants, gift shops, and accommodations.

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Friendly smiles and fun-filled festivals

The abundance of natural beauty in Queens County attracts many visitors each season, but it's the County's friendly people who bring visitors back year after year. The people who makes Queens County their home are eager to share their heritage, culture, and local festivities with visitors.

The cultural traditions of Queens County are rich and varied. The contributions of early Micmac civilization, explorers, Loyalists, European settlers, privateers and seafarers have all combined to makeup the rich variety which is Queens County today.

The inquisitive visitor can find many keys to Queens County's past at the Simeon Perkins House/Queens County Museum in Liverpool. The Simeon Perkins House, built in 1766 by Col. Simeon Perkins, is operated seasonally (May15-Oct. 15) by the Queens County Historical Society. The Cape Cod style house, where Perkins wrote his now famous dairy detailing the story of a colonial town in the years leading up to the War of 1812, contains artifacts of his life as a merchant, ship owner, Judge of Probate, and member of the Assembly.

The Museum, located next to the Perkins House, houses artifacts and genealogical records, touring craft and historical exhibits and a section for children.

The North Queens Historical Society's Douglas House, located in Caledonia, houses displays on local heritage, gold mining, and traditional furnishings of the area.

The wealth and variety of traditions in Queens has led to an abundance of fine local crafts available at gift shops throughout the County. Choose from fine quality pottery, woolen's, woven goods, woodwork, and many other treasures. Paintings by several local artists will also appeal to the visiting gift buyer or collector.

Upon arriving in Queens County, visitors will want to check in at the Tourist Bureaus in Liverpool and Harmony (near Caledonia). Local visitor information staff are most willing to share with you the many activities, festivals, and other attractions which they themselves enjoy year round.

Several major festivals are sponsored by communities in Queens, including Charleston Heritage Days, Privateer Days, the Queens County Fair and the Gold Rush Days Centennial (1984). Other

special attractions include the many community suppers in the area, where you can feast on planked salmon, lobster, or homemade strawberry shortcake, and mix with the friendly local inhabitants. For rainy (or sunny) days, indoor visits to the Earth Satellite Station, the Bowater Mersey Paper Mill, several fish plants and two museums are just a few of the choices available.

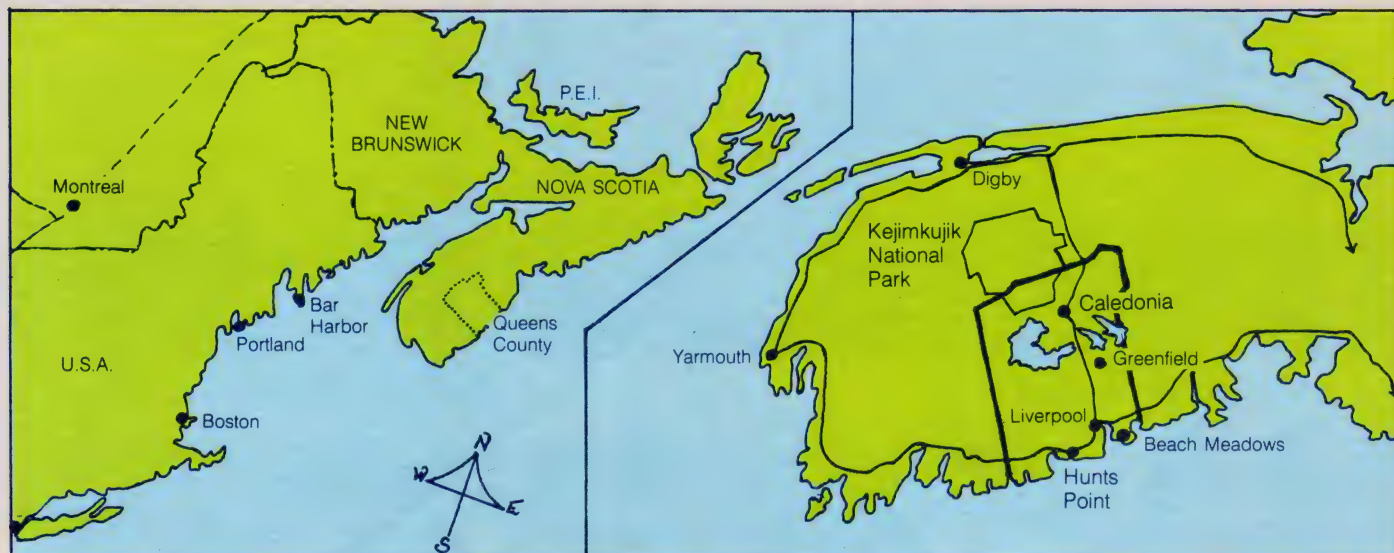
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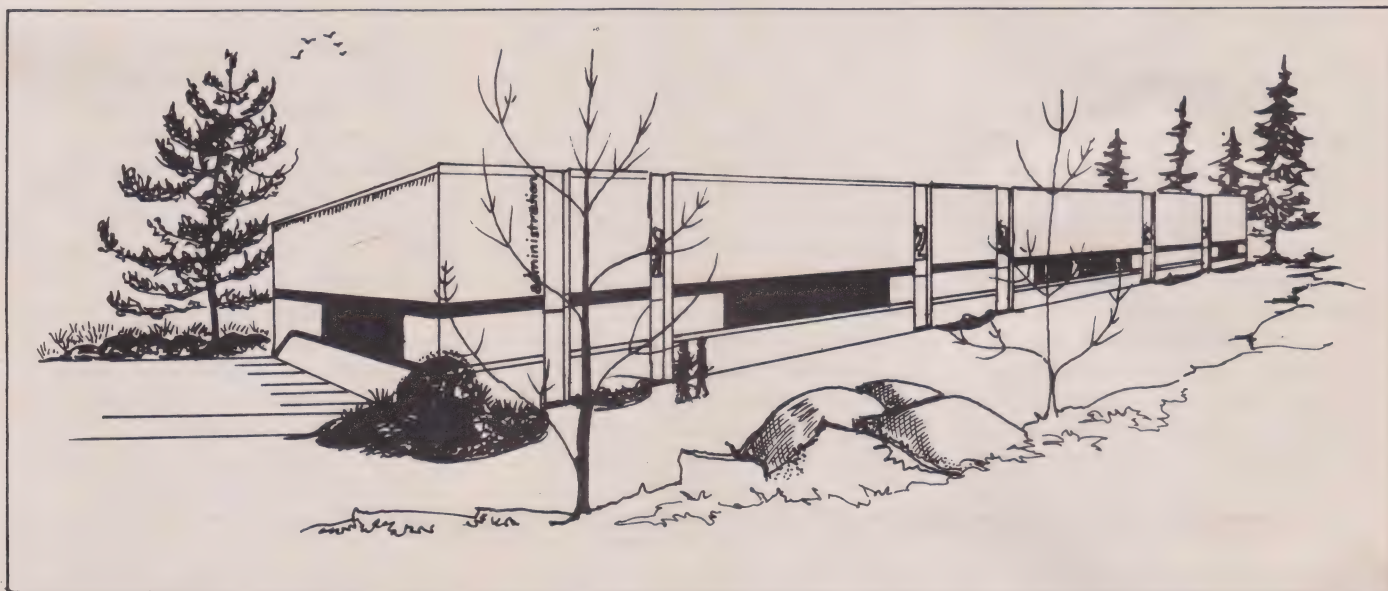
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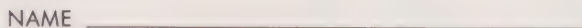
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Reversals on the Churchill Falls

The Newfoundland government's power struggle continues, but it's running out of bargaining tools

It was the third time in a year the courts had ruled against the province but it didn't make it any easier to accept. In fact, Newfoundlanders seemed more upset about the Supreme Court of Canada striking down the province's Water Rights Reversion Act in May than the loss two months earlier in the same court of ownership of offshore oil. The reason: The reversion decision means Newfoundland can't break a 65-year hydro contract with Quebec, a contract everybody agrees is unfair. But in the offshore decision, the inequity is less visible because the resource isn't developed yet.

"I sense a groundswell of deep-rooted discontent that's going to grow," warned William Marshall, the province's energy minister, shortly after the decision was rendered. "Most thinking people in this province now recognize the grim reality that unless we get a measure of justice from the Upper Churchill and the offshore we will be condemned for an eternity to welfare and transfer payments."

The hydro contract, which doesn't expire for another 57 years, allows Quebec to buy power from Newfoundland at a fraction of its market value. The power is then resold to Canadian and U.S. utilities at a hefty profit. Marshall and Premier Brian Peckford maintain that Hydro-Quebec earns \$790 million annually from the 1969 contract while Newfoundland gets a paltry \$8 million. Both blame the federal government in part for the bad deal and for Newfoundland's lack of success in its efforts to get out of the contract.

Peckford and Marshall accuse Ottawa of siding with Quebec in the mid-1960s when Newfoundland wanted to put a transmission line through that province over Quebec's objections. Then when legislation for a transmission corridor was passed last year, its provisions for expropriating land and establishing a route were so cumbersome that it is not practical for Newfoundland to attempt the construction job. The corridor would take years to build. And finally, to top it off, Ottawa intervened in the reversion court case and backed Quebec.

"We don't have to beg at the font of Confederation," declares Marshall, "especially when we have the resources and they're being appropriated to other provinces."

Marshall and Peckford feel it's pointless to try to tackle the hydro problem

with more legal manoeuvres, such as taxing the output of the Upper Churchill River. They say litigation is too risky, time-consuming and expensive. Instead, they want the federal government to amend the National Energy Board Act so the board can fix a fair price for the electricity Quebec buys. And if that's beyond the government's legislative power, they want the Churchill Falls project and its transmission lines declared a national resource so Ottawa can act.

Marshall dismisses suggestions that Newfoundland's demands are unrealistic even though the most Ottawa has offered the province is its mediation services, something the Peckford administration won't accept because of the federal government's partisan track-record in the dispute.

Others, like Leo Barry, aren't as ready to chastize Ottawa. One of the architects of the reversion act and now a Liberal opposition member, Barry accuses Marshall and Peckford of making their last-minute appeal to the federal government to divert attention from the fact they gambled in the hydro dispute and lost. He says it was a mistake for the Newfoundland government to break off negotiations with Quebec in March and ask the Supreme Court to rule on the reversion act's legality, especially since they now say they have few bargaining tools left.

"The illogical course they took just staggers the imagination," says Barry. "To put all your eggs in one basket and not think what might happen if they lost is stupid."

The two provinces tried during the fall and winter to negotiate a settlement and twice asked the Supreme Court to postpone its decision. Quebec wanted another postponement in March but the

Newfoundland government refused, saying the two sides were so far apart in their demands that a further delay wasn't justified.

Newfoundland wanted 50% of the revenues from the contract, and the right to recall 24,000 megawatts of power or about half the electricity generated at Churchill Falls. Quebec offered to index Newfoundland's present royalty to inflation, which in 1984 would amount to about \$2.5 million more for the province. Quebec also said it would grant Newfoundland 500 megawatts of power for its own use, an amount Marshall says is so small that it wouldn't justify building a transmission line across the Strait



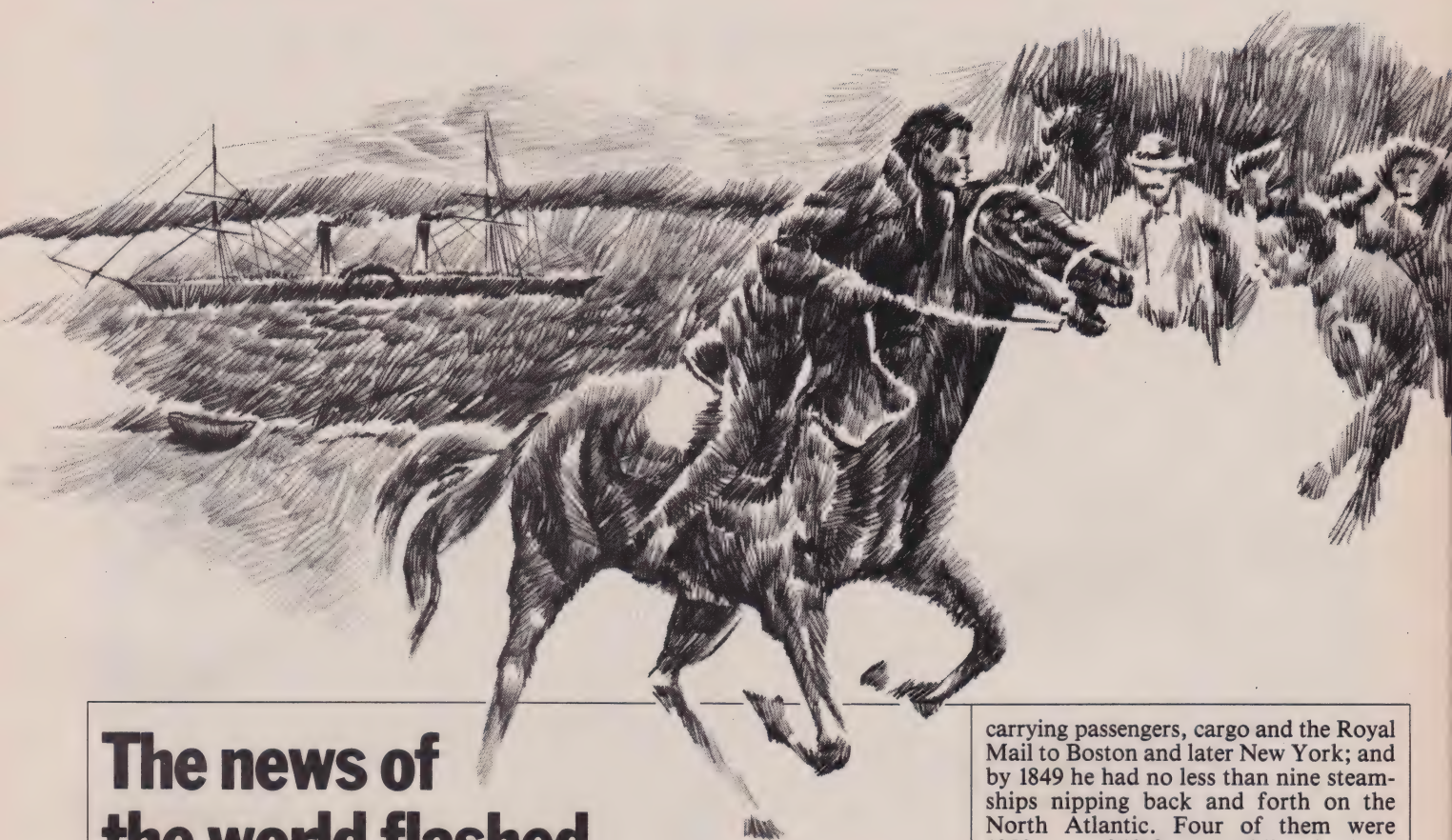
Marshall: "We don't have to beg at the font of Confederation"

of Belle Isle. (The 500 megawatts at today's hydro rates is equal to about \$80 million.)

Barry feels it's crucial that negotiations resume now before Newfoundland's bargaining position deteriorates any further. And he thinks Peckford and Marshall should accept any help Ottawa offers.

Marshall, however, insists the ball is in Ottawa's court and says he's confident Newfoundlanders support his position. But Barry warns that unless the government gets a settlement soon that support will dwindle. "The anti-federal sentiment is temporary and when emotions subside people will ask, 'Where is this getting us?'"

— Bonnie Woodworth



The news of the world flashed through Nova Scotia

"As fast as horse flesh could do it, and live"

By Harry Bruce

The pony express from Halifax to Digby Gut lasted less than a year, and in the long scheme of human affairs that's little more than the blink of a horse's eye. Maybe that's why the express fails to rate even a footnote in most books about Nova Scotia. Yet this hairy adventure — which saw rival riders pounding through the excited villages of the Annapolis Valley on foam-flecked horses — was a landmark in the history of news.

For the six New York newspapers that buried their bitter differences to found the express called their partnership The Associated Press; and Daniel Craig, the tough Yankee they sent to Halifax to run the service, was AP's first foreign correspondent. AP eventually became the greatest news-gathering agency in the world (and still is), but it's doubtful if many of the thousands of reporters who've lived and died in its service ever knew about the 144-mile horse races of its infancy in backwoods Nova Scotia.

By 1849, the surge of steam transpor-

tation and the tentacles of the electric telegraph had not yet met in every port, and the Halifax-Digby road was a gap where the horse, as a bearer of news, made a brief, bold stand. The telegraph was creeping toward Halifax. Only three years had passed since the introduction of North America's first commercial telegraph system. Using Morse code, it linked Washington and Baltimore. By 1848, however, telegraphs already ran between New York and Buffalo, Toronto and Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal, and Montreal and Quebec. Other lines ran from New York to Boston, from Boston to Calais, Me., and on to Saint John. The Saint John connection was one key to the Halifax-Digby Express.

The other was the Cunard line of ocean-going steamships. As every blue-nose schoolchild knows, or should know, Samuel Cunard of Halifax started the first regularly scheduled steamship service between Britain and America, and thereby revolutionized transatlantic travel. Since 1840, his vessels had been

carrying passengers, cargo and the Royal Mail to Boston and later New York; and by 1849 he had no less than nine steamships nipping back and forth on the North Atlantic. Four of them were 1850-ton, 249-foot paddle-wheelers. Only a year old, these were the *America*, *Niagara*, *Europa* and *Canada*, regular visitors to Halifax. Cunard called his company the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, but that was such a mouthful the line was better known as "Cunard's" or "Mr. Cunard's company."

Going to the States and going home to England, the steamships still stopped at Cunard's home town. Other Cunarders took wealthy English folk and locals to Bermuda. "The Royal Mail Steam Packets OSPRAY and FALCON will only proceed to Bermuda once a month during the winter season," Cunard announced in the *British Colonist*, Halifax, early in 1849. "They will leave this place immediately on the arrival of the Steamships from England, which may be expected about the 10th Jany., 7th Feby., 7th March, and 5th April. Persons desirous of proceeding to Bermuda for change of climate will find this a desirable conveyance. Those who have tried it have derived great benefit..."

Cunard could be reasonably sure of the arrival dates of his transatlantic steamers because the ships were so reliable they'd made fools of scientists who'd once scoffed that crossing the ocean in a steamship was as unlikely as flying to the moon. On June 14, 1849, one Charles Wilmer breathlessly reported, "During the past winter the no-

ble fleet of North American steamers left this port and arrived with a regularity scarcely equalled by a railway train, and now that fine weather has returned, they are in shortness of their passages, beating all their former efforts. The *America*,

which arrived on Monday morning, has made the shortest run on record. From New

York to the Mersey (including her detention at

Halifax) she only took 11½ days. The passage from Halifax to Liverpool 8½ days!

The *Canada* also made an unprecedentedly short run to Halifax, accomplishing the distance in 8½ days!

Such being the case we may shortly expect the two new vessels now on the stocks to make the passage from land to land in a week."

The westbound Cunard ships brought news to Halifax from vastly more important places. For all of British North America and the United States, the big news of the world was still the political, economic and commercial news from England, news of revolutions and currencies, news of markets and regimes, news of rising prices and falling armies. Now that news flashes into our living rooms the split second it happens — Jack Ruby's murdering Lee Harvey Oswald is the most famous example — it's difficult to imagine a time in which it took weeks for North Americans to hear even an inkling of such epic events as the Battle of Waterloo. But when word of Waterloo did reach the loyalists of what is now Canada in July of 1815, the bells peeled here as joyously as they'd peeled in June in the villages of England.

A generation later, New York publishers financed the Halifax-Digby express solely to beat what they saw as unscrupulous operators in the race to distribute news from England. In a paper read in Halifax more than 70 years ago, John W. Regan said the news reached Halifax in "fortnightly budgets" from London, and that "vast [American] interests of national, commercial, social and individual importance hinged upon the state of the markets and the other contents of the sealed dispatches received at Halifax by way of the pioneer steamship line. . . . Great business interests depended upon the state of the markets, and the course of foreign trade and politics." That was why it was that in 1848 six New York papers — the *Sun*, *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Express*, *Courier and Enquirer*, and *Journal of Commerce* — formed the world's first co-operative news-gathering organization, called it The Associated Press, and early in 1849 sent to Halifax the redoubtable Daniel Craig.

Craig, a hefty New Englander with a square jaw, was already well on his way to becoming what Oliver Gramling (in *AP, The Story of News*, 1940) called "one of the great news gatherers of his time." Operating out of Boston before the telegraph service, he'd inaugurated a pigeon post. He met the Cunarders well offshore, summarized the European news, and sent it ashore by pigeon to papers in Boston, New York and Baltimore. Later, Gramling wrote, the telegraph companies "considered the birds unfair competition, and went to great lengths to harass anyone using them. At sea, however, it was different and the pigeons flew the most important news ashore. In calm weather Craig could board the incoming Cunarders, obtain his package of European papers, then return to his own boat and prepare the dispatches as he made for shore. When the seas were stormy, the steamers threw the packages overboard in watertight half-gallon cans for Craig to pick up."

When AP posted Craig to Halifax, he may not have been a total stranger to the city. John W. Regan, in his paper of 1912, related a story that Boston news interests had chartered a fast steamer to meet Cunarders at Halifax and rush back ahead of them with the European news: "On the very first trip Craig was one of the correspondents, and he had managed to secrete two carrier-pigeons in a basket, and he released these from his cabin window 50 miles outside Boston with the most important foreign intelligence, which was published before the press-

***"It's difficult to
imagine a time in
which it took weeks
to hear even an
inkling of such epic
events as the Battle
of Waterloo"***

boat reached the city." There were, clearly, no flies on Craig.

Nor on his express. "Fortnightly, day and night, in good weather and bad weather the dispatch riders tore through the lonely country," Regan wrote, "bearing the European intelligence to the people of the United States." Even before the steamer had docked, Craig or an agent of his met her, fetched the dispatches, which had been prepared and sealed in England, came ashore, handed

it to a waiting rider. With the news in a bag with a shoulder strap, the rider charged off. Every 12 miles, another horse awaited him, and as he approached each relay post he blew a shrill blast on a horn to warn the stable ahead. The moment he hopped off the exhausted steed he could leap on a fresh one. At Kentville, another rider took over.

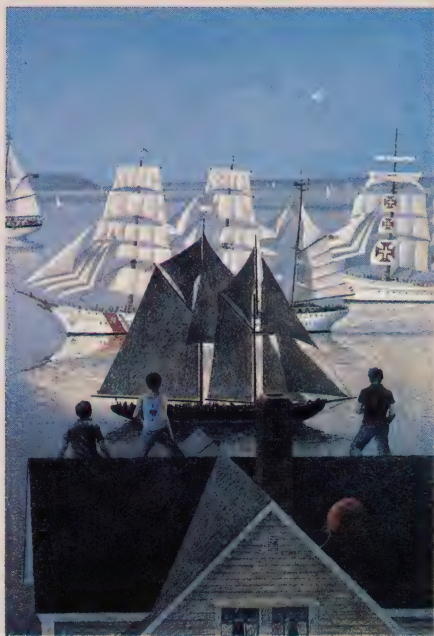
"The riders aroused terrific excitement as they pounded across the country, and villagers lined the roadsides to cheer them when they passed," Gramling said in his history of AP. "Several miles outside of Digby a cannon was fired to notify the boat captain that the express had been sighted. The captain got up steam and sent a yawl to meet the rider." The steamer, chartered exclusively for AP's use, crossed the Bay of Fundy to Saint John. From there, the news shot by wire to New York. Meanwhile, the Cunarder, having left Halifax, was still plodding westward toward the States. The system cost AP \$1,000 per trip, but it was worth every nickel. It got the news into AP's hands as much as 36 hours before the transatlantic vessel reached port.

Hiram Hyde, a stagecoach operator, ran Craig's pony express, and boasted his service carried the news "as fast as horse flesh can do it, and live." Rivals of AP, however, founded a competing service, run by a character named Barnaby; and for a little while, 135 years ago, the people of the Annapolis Valley were treated to regular relay races.

"I well remember as a boy the delight I took in riding a horse beside my father while exercising the express horses," Joan Hall of Lawrencetown recalled in 1912. "The event of the express passing through the village would cause as much excitement as the arrival of an English steamer at Halifax. Sometimes there was added excitement caused by a man named Hiram Hyde, who wagered he could carry the dispatches between any two given places in less time than Barnaby. . . . I distinctly recall people standing in the street, waiting to catch a glimpse of the riders as they approached our village, and the eagerness to help change the saddle from tired to fresh horses while the riders walked about briskly to overcome the cramped feeling from hard riding. Then the riders were helped into the saddle and were off like a flash. . . . In one race the Barnaby horse was a fine chestnut, weighing 1,000 or 1,100 pounds, while the rival equine was a bay with a white stripe, and weighed 900 pounds. Barnaby won easily and there was cheering at our stable."

Newspapers, then as now, liked to tell their readers about improvements in news transmission, and on March 10, 1849, under the heading "The Expresses!", the *British Colonist* of Halifax reported:

"On Thursday morning, immediately after the arrival of the steamer from England, two Expresses (one on behalf of the Associated Press of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston — the other got



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About the artists

Tom Forrestall took his fine arts degree at Mount Allison in 1958. Since then, his "luminous and exquisitely detailed" paintings have earned him an international reputation. Forrestall's work is found in private collections and galleries across Canada, the United States, and Europe.

Recognized as one of Canada's leading marine painters, J. Franklin Wright has won international acclaim for his portraits of ships of the nineteenth century. He has frequently exhibited with the prestigious Royal Society of Marine Artists in London, and his name is included in the authoritative Dictionary of 20th Century British Marine Artists.

Joseph Purcell founded his lifework and his gallery in Lunenburg (along with Jack Grey), and under the sponsorship of R. P. Bell. He is renowned for his murals, including the 60' "Lunenburg Docks" in Montreal's Place Ville Marie, contracted for by CN and Hilton Hotels.

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HERITAGE



up, in opposition, by some Mercantile gentlemen in the United States) left this city, traveling at a rate of speed that is, we believe, unprecedented in this country. The parties engaged here to convey the rival expresses overland to Digby, were Mr. Hyde and Mr. Barnaby. Hyde's Express arrived at Digby Neck at 28 minutes before 12 o'clock, accomplishing the distance of 146 miles in 8½ hours — having met with several accidents and interruptions. At Windsor a delay of 20 minutes occurred; and after starting, Mr. Hamilton, the courier from that place, when crossing the bridge broke his stirrup, and was thrown from his horse with such force, that he lay insensible for some time; he, however remounted, and though lamed, with one stirrup performed his route with astonishing dispatch. A distance of 18 miles, from Kentville, was performed by Mr. Thad. Harris, in 58 minutes. The steamer *Conqueror*, chartered to convoy Hyde's Express to St. John, was waiting in readiness when the express arrived.

Barnaby's Express arrived 2½ minutes before Hyde's, but the steamer *Commodore*, engaged by his party, had not made her appearance at the latest accounts."

The Hyde-Craig-AP express outlasted its rival, and missed only one trip between February when it began, and November when it ended. The average

galloping time was eight hours, which means the express ran at roughly 18 miles an hour, including delays. Sometimes it was even faster. "On one occasion," Regan wrote, "45 miles between Halifax and Windsor was covered in one hour and 45 minutes (or an average of a mile in 2.33 minutes). Mention is made of a bridge at Horton being left open for repairs, as the dispatch rider was not expected, but the steamer arrived early at Halifax, and the rider came during the night, which was very dark. The horse leaped the open space in the bridge, 18 feet, and the rider did not know until reaching the next station just what was the explanation. There is another story that a dispatch rider's horse, dashing through the covered bridge over the Avon on a dark night, struck a wooden post, and fell dead; the rider being severely injured. Still another story reports an express rider having been thrown from his horse near Avonport, and being unable to proceed. . . . William B.T. Piers, a gentleman formerly of Halifax but then a resident of the locality, and a fine horseman, jumped into the saddle and galloped through with [the dispatches]." The show had to go on. The news had to get through.

Meanwhile, Halifax buzzed with stories about the coming of the electric telegraph, and with Tory objections about the Liberal government's plans to

run it. "I have heard the whole line through this Province is to be under the control of the Government," a man who identified himself only as "A Conservative Merchant" complained to the press. "Is that Government so entitled to confidence — so impartial in its favors — so rigorous in its justice, that the Conservatives will place undoubting confidence in it? Suppose, for instance, that upon the receipt of news from England touching the price of flour, a merchant wanted to communicate instantly with Canada. Is a Conservative or, indeed, any dealer certain that Mr. McNab [James McNab, the receiver general] might not claim an hour's preference till his purchases were ordered? Perhaps even George Young [a member of the Executive Council] who, as usual, has thrust himself into this affair, might doff his toga for an hour, and turn a penny by becoming flour dealer. . . . I would not trust a member of the present Government one inch further than I could see him."

The *Colonist*, as Tory as Joseph Howe was Grit, naturally agreed that the government should "throw the whole line into the market" and entrust it entirely to "private speculation." But the paper also argued that, no matter who owned the telegraph system, the very success of "Craig's Express" proved that the telegraph's time had come: "The

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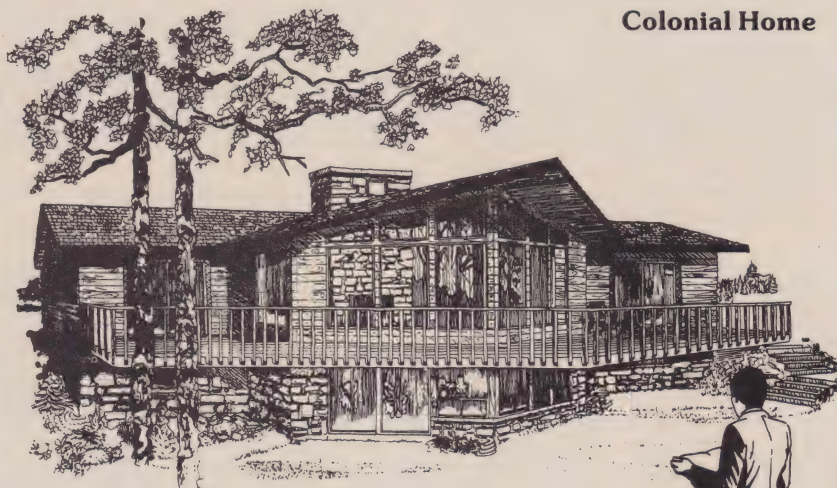
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HERITAGE

America arrived on last Thursday morning and incredible as it may seem, the English and foreign news which she carried was published in New York on the same evening. This news was expressed from hence to Digby, thence by steamer to New Brunswick, thence by telegraph dispatch, and every merchant and burgess in New York knew the state of the American markets in 18 hours after the arrival of the *America*. Had the electric telegraph been in operation in Nova Scotia, the news would have been in New York ere the steamer could have left our harbor."

Even before the express, a correspondent for the Boston *Post* had anticipated

"New York publishers financed the Halifax-Digby express solely to beat what they saw as unscrupulous operators in the race to distribute news from England"

the telegraph's arrival in Halifax. On Christmas day, 1848, he wrote from Halifax: "Time was when Nova Scotia was thought to be near out of the world by the residents of Uncle Sam's dominions, but thanks to the inventive genius of Fulton and the enterprise of Cunard, it is now only 48 hours travel from Boston.... Here the earliest news is invariably received from the old world, and when the telegraph lines are extended to this city from Boston, the important foreign news must all be telegraphed from this city to all parts of the United States, and will partially relieve the anxiety felt in New York, and Boston, when the steamers from England make lengthy passages, as their safety can be heralded by the lightning fingers of Morse's electrical steed, even before the ship arrives at the Halifax wharf."

When Morse's electrical steed did reach Halifax in November, 1849, the real steeds and their riders quit risking their necks to speed world news to Amer-

ican readers. Craig, however, stayed in Halifax till 1851 and continued to demonstrate his ingenuity on behalf of AP. For a while, another promoter who schemed to control his own monopoly of foreign news somehow tied up the wire out of Halifax to delay the transmission of Craig's reports. Craig retaliated. The moment a steamer arrived off Halifax, he sent secret orders to the telegraph operator in Amherst to start transmitting the Bible to New York. Meanwhile, Craig got the news off the steamer, sent it by pony express to Amherst. "It took five hours for the Express to reach Amherst and, during that whole time, the Amherst operator continued his sending of Scripture to The Associated Press in New York," Gramling wrote. "Sometimes he got through Genesis and well into Exodus before the express arrived," and he could start sending the news from Europe.

This was the first time a news outfit ever tied up a telegraph line by sending a book, but it was far from the last. In the heyday of sensational journalism, eight decades later, the Toronto *Star* pulled the identical trick to preserve its scoop on the rescue of the crew of a German aircraft that had crashed on an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "This was the last time in Canada a reporter was permitted to hold a telegraph wire open to his paper by filing a magazine or book," Ross Harkness wrote in *J.E. Atkinson of the Star* (1963). "The howls of rage [against the *Star* reporters] for the trick, which newspapers had practised for years, were so great that Canadian telegraph companies adopted a regulation that wires would be reserved only if legitimate news was being transmitted." Craig had been a news pioneer in more ways than one.

He performed so ably in Halifax that in 1851 AP named him its general agent. Summarizing his career till then, Gramling said, "He established the first Associated Press office on foreign soil at Halifax . . . He arranged for the first Associated Press pony express [in June, 1849] to rush the exclusive news of an attempt to assassinate Queen Victoria in London. He sent the Associated Press's first all-wire message of European news from Halifax in November. He successfully advocated the first Associated Press controlled wire from New York to Boston to Saint John to Halifax. And he brought the Associated Press its first large bloc of outside clients when he induced the papers in Boston to subscribe to the Halifax-European pony express before the telegraph reached Nova Scotia."

By the time Craig returned to the States, his bluenose ally Hiram Hyde had a contract worth £5,500 to erect a telegraph line from Pictou to Sydney. The pony express was already a memory. Soon, telegraph lines would stretch all the way to the Pacific. Soon, an underwater cable would span the Atlantic. Soon, the Cunarders would have little use for Halifax. Far out at sea, they'd steam past on non-stop voyages to New York. ☒

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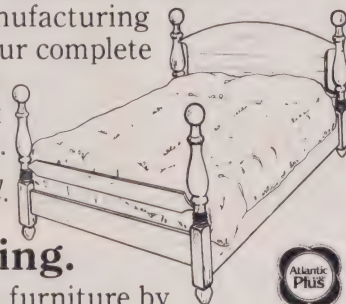
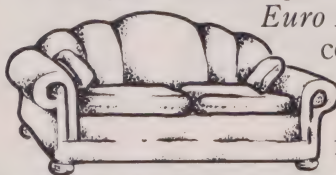
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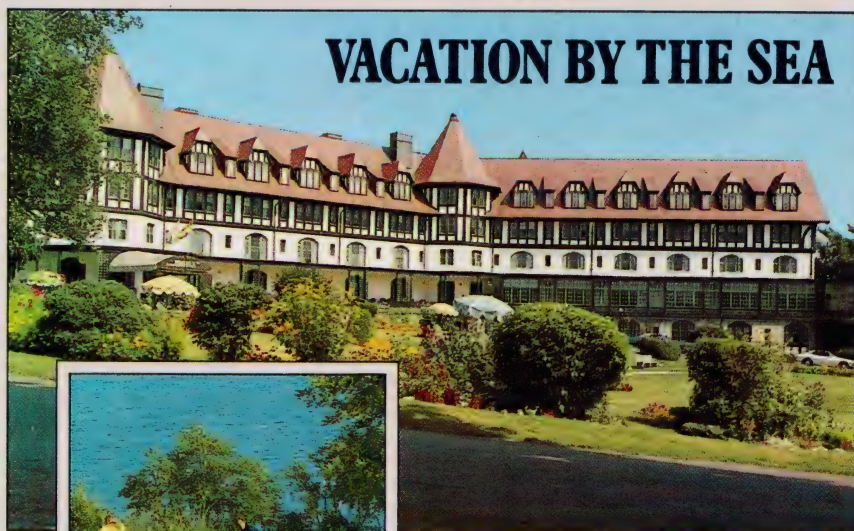
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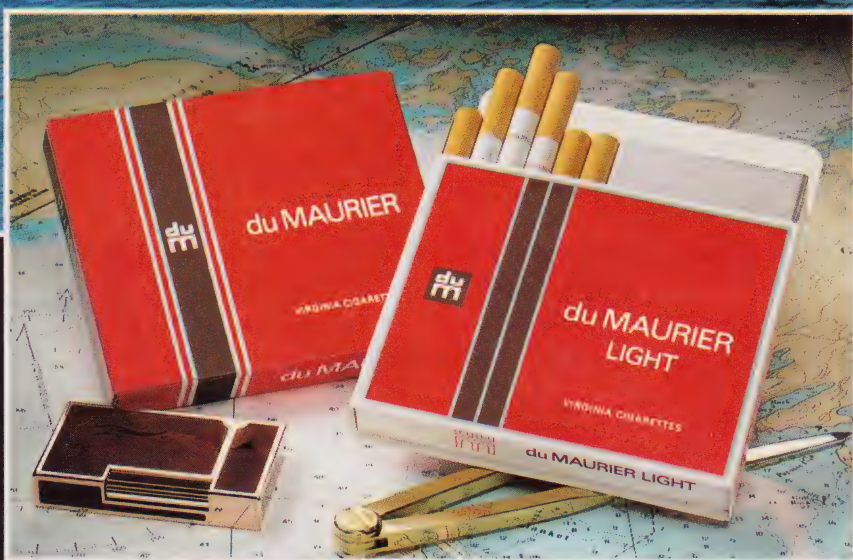
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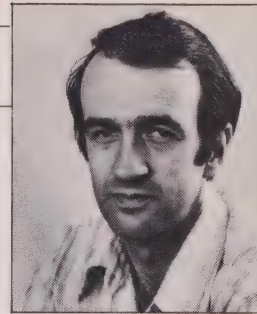


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Railways: Ikons of a mystic past?

Not everyone is nostalgic about railways. Some people think most of these money-losing relics should be put out of their misery



The death of a railway is always a distressing affair. First there's a rumour before the Canadian Transportation Commission (CTC), which must give its approval before a line can be shut down. The rail company — CN or CP — argues that it's losing money because local industries don't use the line. Everybody else argues that industry doesn't use it because service is lousy and CN/CP stand accused of letting it deteriorate in order to justify a closure.

Beyond the economics there's a thick layer of emotion. Bound up as they are with the creation of the nation, and indeed with the building of industrial society, railways have a powerful hold on the imagination. Those born and raised in villages or towns where a railway was dominant often feel that a part of their lives is being ripped out when it dies.

Although it doesn't make big news in the metropolitan press these little dramas go on all the time somewhere, as the extensive Canadian rail network, once the largest in the world, gets clipped constantly. Since 1967, some two dozen branch lines — about 1,000 miles of track — have either gone under in the Atlantic provinces or have the sword hanging over them now. In Canada as a whole, some 5,000 miles of track have been lifted over the past 15 years — enough to stretch from coast to coast.

What should we think of this practice of killing railways? Should we oppose it on grounds of either economics or heritage? Or is it best, as CN and CP would have it, to drop the nostalgia and put these money-losing relics out of their misery as quickly as possible?

I was moved to consider these questions in a very personal way over the past couple of years as the railway by which I grew up — the Liverpool-to-Yarmouth, N.S., line — went under. Like myself, most people in the village were sad to see it go. Some of the old folk were quite disturbed, some even angry. With its bedrock presence, the railway had seemed as permanent as the hills. It seemed like a shocking desecration to destroy it.

Then my point of view was shredded by a centenarian. I had assumed that Laure Babin (who died last year a month short of 100) would be sentimental about the railway like the others — perhaps more so, she being the oldest. "They're closing the railway, Laure," I had prodded gently.

"It's about time. Good riddance," she snapped back.

Unlike the mere 90-year-olds, she ac-

tually remembered the railway being built. She was 13 when it came through in 1896. It had ended a familiar world — a world of bustling people and oxen at the corner and at the store. Worse, it had cut right behind the house ("through the dump," as she put it with disgust) and the trains had run down some cattle. Far from being an ikon from the mystic past, the railway was just latter-day humbug.

This jolt to my sensibilities led me to do some historical digging. I had begun to suspect that the railway might have a dark side, thanks to Laure's surprising disaffection.

It did. It was a typical sordid case of 19th-century railway-building involving

"The railway was meant to replace the sea as the trade route to prosperity. But it never did"

questionable political influence, boondoggles with public funds and exploitation of workers.

Worse, it failed to deliver what was promised and expected. My village — the community of Belleville, Yarmouth Co. — had expected prosperity. There was a bubble of it based on the export of wood products, but within 10 years the trains were carrying mostly people out.

This was a common story in the Maritimes. The old prosperity had been based largely on the sea and its trade routes. Confederation beckoned the Maritimes to look inland. The railway was meant to replace the sea as the trade route to prosperity. But it never did. In the end, instead of making small communities prosper, the railways drained and depopulated them.

Although "good riddance" may be a bit brutal, I must admit that looking at it from this angle takes a bit of the shine off railway sentimentalism.

But what about the economics as the disputes continue — whether it's over the line to Souris or Tignish, P.E.I., along the Miramichi in New Brunswick, to Bonaville or Argentea in Newfoundland, or to and from various other places throughout the region?

It varies from case to case, but essentially arguments for keeping branch lines were much stronger 15 years ago than they are now. At that time, choices were still possible as to what modes of transport would be used in certain places.

Wherever possible, governments — mostly provincial governments — chose highways. Now, wherever a rail branch line is paralleled by a good highway the rationale for keeping it is reduced accordingly, unless it's carrying goods too heavy for trucks or so abundant that carloads are more convenient. Building enormously expensive highways alongside deteriorating railways may not have made entirely good sense, but once built, the highways stand as a *fait accompli*. Both systems cannot be justifiably subsidized and, sooner or later, the old, decrepit one dies.

These considerations, of course, do not apply to main lines. The ribbon of steel that binds the country may not be as important politically and culturally as it used to be, but it's still there and still essential. Some branch lines may be considered essential, too. The arguments before the CTC turn on what is an essential service and what is not.

For the rail companies, generally any line that does not turn a profit is non-essential — the same kind of attitude they have toward rail passenger service. They've been fighting with citizens' groups over branch lines for years and tend to see any argument against abandonment as mere nostalgia.

The CTC agrees with them in most cases. However the CTC does occasionally deny a request for closure, or part of one. Port Hastings to Inverness, Cape Breton, won a new life and so did Montague to Mount Stewart, P.E.I., for example. But railways are not as permanent as they once seemed and new applications for abandonment are likely to be made in future.

In the end, neither sentiment nor economic argument is enough to save most branch lines that come under the gun, as Canada's once-great railway system shrinks to a shadow of its former self. Sad, yes. But given the history of railways, I've come to believe that it's not the tragedy I once thought it was. ☒

STRICTLY BUSINESS

White Paper — Future Course?

In case you haven't heard, and that seems unlikely with the publicity generated by the minister of Development, Nova Scotia has an idea whose time is now — The White paper on Building Competitiveness. The question is how fast and how well its conclusions will be applied.

For the past four months, Roland Thornhill and his staff have been giving a lot of hype to the document which purports to chart Nova Scotia's economic course to the turn of the century and beyond.

The White Paper is based on subjective contributions from the private sector through the Department of Development's Voluntary Planning agency (NSVP). Before digging into the meat of the document, a look at how it was built reveals something that should be getting more attention outside the province as well as within.

NSVP is a hybrid, a government agency in which all who serve are volunteers. The executive director of Voluntary Planning, Lance Hale, says the organization is unique in North America, a voluntary unpaid group of 500 private business and professional people. He says the volunteers spent 2,000 hours at meetings to draft the document and polish its conclusions. The process took five years and the first phase of the job was the recommendation on industrial strategy issued in a Green Paper in 1980.

The White Paper, approved by cabinet in February, was put together by the planning staff of the Department of Development from ideas and conclusions reached by volunteers from a broad spectrum of the private sector.

A white paper is a statement of government policy not a statement of government programs. This document draws a road map for economic development. It does not presume to build the highway. Its broad applications are designed to guide both government and business decision-making. It is a policy statement that projects a clear sense of direction for the private sector and government over the next 10 or 15 years.

Response so far has been one of

favorable expectancy and one spokesman for business sees the concept as an essential element in Nova Scotia's efforts to seize the ring of economic opportunity by responding to the new reality of competitive productivity.

Peter O'Brien, intergovernmental affairs officer, Atlantic Canada, for the Canadian Federation of Independent Business, says the White Paper provides a unique strategy that evolved as a co-operative effort between government and business. He believes the minister of Development recognized both the challenge and the opportunity, by providing support staff and encouraging voluntary participation by the private sector.

Whatever its origins, and the germ of the idea has been around for a long time (Sweden is a case in point), Nova Scotia's White Paper evolved from its green predecessor which focused on manufacturing. It set the tone by telling the government and private sector they could and must work together on economic and development strategy or establish new records in backsliding.

It was a strange marriage with both sides something less than enthusiastic at the start. They seemed reluctant to break new ground, to actually build on government/business collaboration. They were on the watch for shoals but seemed to have found a clear channel to consensus.

The White Paper is without question a practical piece of work, greatly different from so many ponderous reviews produced by bureaucratic birth pangs in the past. It gets down to detail in several ways and particularly mentions manpower as being the primary resource of Nova Scotia. It tells how the province can get the best out of its human potential which in recent times has been largely ignored, a distant and impoverished cousin of high technology.

It says flatly that the whole thrust of industrial development has to depend on the people — the minds and hands that do the work. New and intensive training programs are being put into place to start this people machine, starting yesterday; a big plus is that business correctly senses the need for competitive catch-up in this decade and the next.

The plans call for two assistant deputy ministers, a new rank in the Nova Scotia hierarchy. One ADM will be in the Department of Education to oversee vocational and technical training. An ADM for Labor and Manpower will identify and respond to the needs of prospec-

tive employers, build links with the private sector, and develop assessment and planning through interaction between classroom and shop floor.

At first reading, it's obvious that manpower planning is a major component. To achieve this, the private sector has to advise government, and the government has to welcome advice. While this sounds logical, past relations between government and business have been more reminiscent of the Guelfs inviting the Ghibellines for tea; more knives than niceties.

One indication that the Nova Scotia government means business is their commitment to set up a task force on investment and taxation and to review all the tax levers at the provincial and municipal levels. There's more than a suspicion that cumbersome and unnecessary taxes scare investors away. A pre-requirement would seem to be strong private sector representation on the task force and review panels, and a good staff.

There is little argument that the tax structure can be refined, streamlined, and de-nuisanced, if the spirit is there to will it so. And while they're at it, they can put a searchlight on red tape, over-regulation, and bureaucracy for its own sake.

The White Paper goes a step further, with the provincial government committed to a continuing review of in-house services that could better be done out in the marketplace. They include such things as art work, layout, and a design, now done as a matter of course by overstaffed and underutilized government personnel. It would cost less outside, and more jobs would be generated in the business community.

The document has a many-colored spread of ideas. One significant concept is to set up a cabinet minister's committee on trade with representation from the departments of Development, Fisheries, Agriculture and Marketing, and Lands and Forests. It will be supported by senior staff from these departments and its purpose will be to help small firms expand their marketing and product capabilities.

The White Paper identifies something that has been little noticed by most people in government and business in Nova Scotia: the expansion of secondary manufacturing and its large role in creating employment.

Secondary manufacturing includes activities like making floats, nets, sonar

and navigation equipment, elastic fabrics for sports equipment, and knit goods; the list goes on. There doesn't seem to be any limit to the number of ideas that people can come up with, make real, and sell as services and products all over hell-and-gone. And not just new ideas but commonplace items too; one motivated entrepreneur exports wooden ladders that have been made here since the settlers came. Another energetic business person exports chocolate truffles of luscious quality and high price, bringing in new money for more enterprise and more jobs.

In recent times the service industries have shown phenomenal growth. The expansion of consultant and advisory services, particularly to the offshore industry, adds emphasis to the increasing importance of providing what companies and individuals need and will pay for.

One businessman remarked that if you look at where jobs are going to come from during the rest of this decade and in the Nineties, the service sector stands out as the one sector of certain growth in activity and jobs. There is an almost unlimited opportunity to develop all kinds of services, including such things as health care and social programs for the aged, as well as educational projections, relating to the growth in computer application.

A reading of the White Paper reveals layer upon layer of ideas. It illustrates, at one point, the particular truth of continuing inflationary pressures. These pressures also hurt our competitors and we can't use higher costs as an excuse. Economic success depends on how well all of us respond to competition, when and wherever found. We've grown accustomed to to high living standards and we'll have to pay the shot with our service effort and high-tech productivity. There is no reason why we cannot service the world with knowledge, with skills, and with systems, by moving fast and efficiently in a tight market.

The White Paper tells us to get on with the task at hand, rather than to wait and speculate; to renew the guts and determination that Nova Scotians had a century ago when they cut timber from their own land, built ships, and sailed them to Java in two-way trade. The province was built on international commerce but the pioneer merchant spirit seems to have thinned down in a century. If we are witnessing a rebirth, it couldn't have come at a better time.

The White Paper suggests that we have to toss out the negative conviction that we can't compete in labor-intensive enterprise. If there is competent management and hard work the worst we can do is keep even with the pack. Nobody ever said it would be easy.

It goes on to say that we should consider positives; a small manufacturer pointed out recently that we tend to forget that Nova Scotia is the gateway to Europe from North America, and the bridge from Europe to North America.

He says, however, that we have some things going for us, not the least of which is service capability for modern transportation: warehousing, packaging and distribution links. Fast container traffic has stimulated ocean trade. The speed and security of cargo put the competitive shine on a volatile and exciting business with enormous potential.

Nova Scotia has two of the few great deepwater ports in North America, at Halifax and in the Strait of Canso. They are not going to remain empty and idle for very long, and aggressive promotion and strong business effort already promise results.

Among the responses to the White Paper has been the comment that Nova Scotia is coming of age in its efforts to attract business. The province can't afford to bid for new industry with a fat cheque book and the promise of concessions, non-union shops and low-rental, long-lease factories. Efforts of promoters trying to buy virtue with gold, have been disappointing, if not disastrous, in some notable cases in the Atlantic area. (Come By Chance comes to mind).

The White Paper implies that if we can create the right kind of industrial environment, where taxation is stable, labor competent and content, and management has the opportunity to learn, we won't have to journey far to attract new industry. It intimates that while working toward industrial utopia we can get on with the job of stimulating the things that are here now and build a stewardship that will encourage Nova Scotians to invest in their own future.

This new document seems to be lashing us with the obvious. Example: if you don't spend money abroad, you keep it at home. And that's as good an explanation of import substitution as you'll find outside the business section of the *Globe and Mail*, which we don't seem to get on foggy days. So, if we make things here, of good quality and competitive price, things that used to come from away, we gain. We keep our money circulating at home and, with some luck, part of it will come back to us in payment for further goods and services. Similar standards will help us earn export dollars as well.

It's a delicious cycle (sorry), and it sums up what local or provincial economics is all about; the paper doesn't put it that way but the message is clear.

There is a growing sense of urgency among Nova Scotians that they had better get on with implementing the White Paper. Its ideas may decide whether we approach the new century with enthusiasm or resignation. Perhaps its message will also serve the rest of Atlantic Canada as an example of government/co-operation with business.

In Nova Scotia, with government encouragement, the private sector has examined its own entrails and written a prescription for economic health. Results will depend on fast and determined action. A young entrepreneur has the last word: "The clock is running. Are we?"

Greenbacks blossom under green thumb, fertile mind

Assisted by a \$350,000 forgivable loan from the provincial government, Gordon's Greenhouses Ltd., of Oxford, N.S., invested \$1.1 million in a woodburning boiler plant. It reduced the firm's fuel expenditures by more than 60%. With annual revenues of \$5 million, and despite the risks involved with such a perishable product as flowers, the company has maintained its position among the 10 largest greenhouses in Canada.

Every year, more than 35,000 tonnes of bark, sawdust and wood chips flow into the boiler plant of Gordon's Greenhouses Ltd. in Oxford, N.S. And every year, Gordon's ships more than \$5 million worth of roses, carnations, chrysanthemums, azaleas and poinsettias in the firm's five refrigerated trucks to florists throughout Atlantic Canada and Quebec and in Ottawa and Maine.

The scrap wood products keep Gordon's flowers warm. They also keep overheads down for president Gary Gordon, 39, ensuring the family-run greenhouse business' place among the top 10 in Canada.

Until the early 1970s, the flowers in Gordon's Greenhouses basked in oil-fuelled heat. "Before the energy crisis, all you had to do was put up a structure," Gordon says. But as the price of oil soared, he could no longer afford to keep his flowers in such luxury. Gordon spent \$400,000 on thermal blankets, made in Denmark of woven fabric that sells for \$1 a square foot, for each of his 50 greenhouses. But the care of his flowers, and of the roses in particular, still required an expenditure of more than \$1.1 million on oil in 1978.

By then, however, Gordon and his two brothers and two sisters, each of whom owns a 20% share of the company, had installed a wood-burning boiler plant. When it began operating the next year, the firm's fuel bill fell by two-

thirds. In fact, from more than 1.1 million gallons of oil in 1977, Gordon's oil consumption fell to 14,000 gallons this year. He spent an additional \$200,000 on about 40,000 tonnes of wood scraps, purchased and delivered by the truckload from lumber mills throughout the province, for about \$8 a tonne.

Gordon isn't the only greenhouse operator to turn to alternative fuel sources. But his boiler plant is one of the few that burns all types of waste wood products. In 1977, after Gordon and his brothers and sisters looked at similar set-ups as far away as Oregon, they purchased the plant for \$1.1 million. By then, they had assumed control of the company from their father, Ken. To purchase the plant, they used a \$350,000 forgivable loan from a pilot program sponsored by the province's Department of Energy, Mines and Resources and a bank loan, and had it running by the end of 1978 to heat their 11 acres of greenhouses.

The company has come a long way since Ken Gordon founded it in 1944. Looking at the 50 greenhouses beyond the window of his house, he can recall the days when he ran one greenhouse, devoted to nurturing cabbage and tomato plants for transplanting into the fields of local farmers. It wasn't until 1952 that he began raising and selling flowers.

Gordon's Greenhouses now earns 50% of its annual revenues from roses alone. With a staff that's remained stable at 110, the Gordons have increased sales from about \$3 million a year in 1977 to \$5 million last year.

The risks, however, still loom large. "If it's 20 degrees below, and your boiler goes down, you can lose the whole business," says Gary Gordon. And last year, a heavy storm knocked down most of the greenhouses, wiping out \$150,000 worth of flowers.

To add to Gordon's concerns, the flowers themselves perish in one to two weeks after they're cut. Roses must be cut every morning and every afternoon.

Nevertheless, the firm can rely on 150 standing accounts, most of them in Nova Scotia, each of whom takes about \$1,000 a month in orders shipped in Gordon's \$60,000 refrigerated trucks. Most of the firm's sales come from telephone orders from 150 florists throughout the region.

In appearance, Gary Gordon himself belies the nature of his business. He wears no boutonniere and his functional office contains only one plant. Around his own home, though, he lays a sheet of black cloth over his garden to kill weeds. Not unexpectedly, Gordon says, "I hate weeding." ■

Turning Cape Breton coal into liquid assets

There's a new vibrancy on Cape Breton. You can see it in the purposeful steps of a geologist, hear it in the voices of engineers, see it in the forms of new equipment.

Believe it or not, the throb of excitement on Cape Breton comes not from some esoteric project, but from that grandfather of Canadian industry — coal.

Coal has been mined on Cape Breton since Spanish and Portuguese fishermen pried it from outcrops in the cliffs of Sydney Harbour more than 250 years ago. Coal brought Canada through the Industrial Revolution, and although there have been frequent difficulties caused by the distance of the coal from the market place, it was not until the 1950s that the wisdom of the times saw the demise of coal as, not only imminent, but inevitable. As so often happens with current wisdom, it was proven wrong.

Perhaps the Jonahs who saw the end of coal mining — a decline prompted by the conversion of power generating stations, homes and railways from coal to oil — can be forgiven for failing to foresee that cheap oil was also a temporary aberration.

Coal's survival in the face of competition with oil seemed less and less likely, and after the Donald Royal Commission, the Cape Breton Development Corporation was created by Parliament, for the specific purpose of rationalizing the coal industry.

Devco — as it soon came to be called — aided inadvertently by the Arabs, has rationalized with a vengeance.

Industries measure productivity in various ways. Some use revenue per square metre. Coal mining measures productivity in output per manshift (OMS). The Corporation's mines are averaging close to five tonnes per manshift — about twice the productivity levels of mines in the United Kingdom — and in one recent week, the Prince Mine near Sydney Mines produced more than twelve tonnes per manshift. These average rates are double what they were a decade ago. Lingan Colliery, near New Waterford, broke a world longwall production record a few years ago, and coal from the old Number 26 Colliery is sold to markets in Brazil, Greece, Japan, Korea and Germany.

The days of pick, shovel and pony

are long gone. Today, on each face, a half-million-dollar shearer slices at the coal seam, spilling it onto an armored conveyor, which carries the coal to other conveyors and finally, to the surface. Massive roof supports, self-advancing and hydraulically operated, provide a continuous canopy of steel above the miner.

On the surface, computers keep track of activity below ground, and schedule the progress of self-unloading, 100-tonne cars from the modern rail centre to the power plant, or the coal preparation plant and more distant destinations, or to the coal loading pier in Sydney Harbour and offshore destinations. The Coal Preparation Plant, an integral part of the coal marketing process, washes, sizes and blends coal to the customers' specifications.

Coal mining today is sophisticated, specialized and capital intensive. Because of that, the industry is constantly seeking to add value to the end product. Devco is currently engaged in establishing the feasibility of two exciting concepts. One is called Carbogel; the other liquefaction.

Both transform coal into a liquid. Devco may not have the alchemists' formula, but the result could be comparable — coal, from the vast seams stretching towards Newfoundland, transformed into the equivalent of gold in an ever-increasing provincial prosperity. Far-fetched? Perhaps not. In an energy-hungry world, liquid coal could be a source of immense prosperity as reserves of easily accessed, inexpensive oil, dwindle.

The Carbogel concept is relatively straight forward. Carbogel — produced on Cape Breton under licence from its Swedish inventors — is basically a mixture of very finely ground coal and water treated with an additive to keep the coal in suspension. It's particularly important for eastern Canada, because this part of the country still uses oil to generate some of its electricity, and the region remains heavily dependent upon imported oil. The need for oil substitution here is urgent. But the substitute has to be economic. Recently, various coal-liquid mixes have been evaluated, and the technology developed by the Swedish firm A. B. Carbogel was seen as the most suitable for Cape Breton coal. A licensing agreement was signed between the Swedish firm and Devco.

There is a high level of international interest, and so far Devco has produced — in a pilot plant outside of Sydney — more than 3,000 tonnes. More than half of this amount has been test burned successfully in a 12.5 megawatt utility boiler, belonging to the New Brunswick Electrical Power Commission.

The boiler had been originally designed to burn coal. Because of further need for proper sizing of the material, as well as accurate viscosity and stability, development work continues. An investigation of improved burner nozzles is also under way. Because of the

nature of Carbogel, nozzles must be developed which can withstand not only the intense heat of the burners, but also erosion caused by Carbogel.

In the meantime, the Corporation is negotiating for tests in another Atlantic Canada utility, in a boiler which, although also relatively small, was initially designed to burn oil. Once the tests have been satisfactorily concluded, it is proposed to burn Carbogel in one of the large Nova Scotia Power Corporation's oil-fired generating stations. The result should pave the way for commercial acceptance, and create a market for many additional hundreds of thousands of tonnes of Cape Breton coal.

Carbogel is a mixture of coal and water. Liquefaction on the other hand, chemically transforms coal into another form. The Cape Breton Development Corporation is part of a consortium assembled to produce commercially viable liquid fuel from coal. That consortium, Scotia Synfuels Ltd., also includes Petro Canada, A. Gillespie and Associates and Nova Scotia Resources.

The basic process has been known for some time. In fact, German scientists found it a vital source of liquid fuel for Germany during the Second World War. Development work slumped after the discovery of major oil fields in the Middle East during the 1950s. Nevertheless, South Africa continued its work, and decided to use some of its vast reserves of coal to develop a dependable source of petroleum-based products.

Today, because oil prices have risen sharply in the last decade, liquefaction is receiving serious attention in several countries.

Coal and oil are chemical and geological cousins. Both are of botanical origin; both are hydrocarbon fuels; both are composed of complex compounds of hydrogen and carbon; both can burn to provide energy. Despite these similarities, both are very different, physically. To convert coal to oil, besides altering its physical state, the coal must be chemically altered, and the amount of hydrogen — compared to carbon — must be increased.

One method involves the complete gasification of the coal, after which, the gases are converted to oil. This is the route that the South Africans have taken at their Sasol plant. Another process involves conversion of the gases to methanol which in turn is converted to gasoline. Yet another process eliminates the intermediate gasification stage and the solid coal is converted directly to a liquid. It is on this direct process that Nova Scotia Synfuels is concentrating.

Scotia Synfuels' principal objective is to convert Cape Breton coal into liquid transportation fuel. The ultimate objective is to convert 2 million tonnes of coal annually by the end of this decade, and 4 million tonnes in the next. If successful, Scotia Synfuels would provide about one-third of Nova Scotia's annual transportation fuel requirements.

The initial steps towards the realization of this ambitious goal have already been taken. Coal from Langan has been liquified at Hydrocarbon Research, Inc. in the United States and the liquids have been upgraded by hydrotreating. The result has been an especially high grade naphtha which would command a high premium anywhere in the world. The liquids are a better quality than that of a conventional synfuel operation — and the yield is approximately 3.7 barrels per tonne of coal. Scotia Synfuels are now examining the possibility of two-stage liquefaction, which could increase the yield to five barrels per tonne of coal and would make coal liquefaction an economically viable undertaking.

Devco officials are excited by results so far. Testing by Chevron, which upgraded the liquid from Hydrocarbon Research, Inc., concluded that "... a premium syncrude can be obtained from the Cape Breton coal and that the product was ..." an excellent candidate for upgrading to a premium synthetic crude or finished transportation fuel products".

Little wonder that there is a new vibrancy in the air at the Cape Breton Development Corporation. Below ground or above, mining coal, seeking out new forms, new methods or new markets, Cape Breton coal, the granddaddy of Canadian industry, is at the forefront of advanced technology. ■

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STEPHEN HOMER

The Fishery: Singing the post-restructuring blues

Recovery and stabilization in the Atlantic fishery will depend largely on whether the two new supercompanies can succeed where their mostly bankrupt predecessors failed

By Ralph Surette

From within the gloom that so overwhelms the Atlantic fishery, here's a rather startling bit of good news. Over 50 million pounds of lobster were caught in the Maritimes last year. It was the first time this had happened since 1910 — at the tail end of an era when you could still pitchfork them out of the shallows.

Federal officials believe that this is not an anomaly and that king lobster, after coming up slowly in recent years, is back in a big way despite minor fluctuations that may still occur. They believe that this is so — and here's the remarkable part — mostly because a century-long, seemingly futile battle against poaching and overfishing is suddenly, almost magically, bearing fruit.

"We're looking at something extraordinary," says Doug Robinson, a biolo-

gist with the Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO). "Some areas that were badly overfished are coming back to where catches are three times what they were even in 1980." This is especially so in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The weeding out of moonlighters and the increasing acceptance of conservation by fishermen themselves are the main reasons, says Robinson.

If the biologists are right, then this has a significance beyond the mere revenues of the increased catch. It means that the goal toward which the fishery as a whole is striving has been attained in at least one major species — the goal of providing dependable returns year after year, with the extreme crises ironed out.

How far is the fishery as a whole from that ideal — from being able to weather a storm instead of hitting the rocks and needing rescue with public

money every time? That can sound like an absurd question in this summer of discontent. A cynic might point out that the lobster fishery has been managed for 100 years and is only showing results now. Most of the rest of the fishery has been managed only since the 200-mile limit in 1977. Are we to wait a century before the fishery stabilizes?

Presumably, no. It could happen in the reasonably near future, depending on how certain things that now hang in the balance turn out. Primarily, it depends on how the industry comes out of the post-restructuring blues. The big question is: Will the two new supercompanies — the government-owned Fishery Products International in Newfoundland and National Sea Products in Nova Scotia — succeed where their mostly bankrupt predecessors failed?

"I would say it's fifty-fifty whether the new companies make it or break it," says Leigh Mazany, an economist at Dalhousie University who specializes in the fishery. "It will take a couple of years before we know."

She adds that "on the surface, at least, their prospects are reasonable." Beneath the surface it's a little more murky. There are two large factors at work that will influence the success or failure of these enterprises. One is economics and the other is politics.

The economic questions have mostly to do with international markets. Cor-

porate managers in the large companies (in the small ones too) are eagerly waiting for a couple of crucial occurrences that are long overdue — a drop in the American dollar and an upswing in the “seven-year cycle.”

It may sound mysterious, but it goes like this. The strong American dollar (with the Canadian dollar following upward) has made the currencies, and the products, of other countries cheap. Cheap fish has been flooding the U.S. market for several years now because of this currency situation, making our fish harder to sell. The experts have been saying since last fall that the American dollar is overvalued and is due for a drop, but it's been painfully slow in coming.

The “seven-year cycle” is a boom-bust trend in fish prices. Every seven years, pretty well like clockwork, there's a bust as fish prices follow a similar cycle in beef prices. In 1981, right on cue after a dip in 1974, prices went bust (in 1974 the federal government bailed out the industry with \$150 million in fish price supports in the fond hope that it would be the last bailout. It wasn't). The problem is that this time, prices haven't rebounded as quickly as they usually do because of the severity of the recession.

Now, however, there are signs that the upturn is coming at last. *Restaurant*



Fishery economist Leigh Mazany

and *Institutional Magazine*, the authority on food distribution in the U.S., predicts 7% growth this year and continuing growth in the next few years. “That's a spectacular recovery from the past three years, when growth was pretty well zero,” says John McNeil, marketing vice-president for National Sea Products. Seafood's gain in popularity in the U.S. (which takes about 80% of Atlantic Canada's groundfish) is at least partly linked to its image as a low-cholesterol food. The federal government is banking on that image in a \$28-million, five-year advertising program aimed at the North American market.

Renewed American demand, however, is primarily for fresh fish, not for what the big companies have wanted to get rid of most — frozen cod blocks which have cost dearly to produce and keep frozen. Too many cod blocks is one of the main reasons why the companies are in the shape they're in. They must sell them off in order to make a fresh start. McNeil calls that “a challenge.” It sure is, although a recent deal whereby the Russians will buy \$12 million worth of Canadian fish this year might help.

Meanwhile, in watching out for its markets, the industry has to keep a wary eye on renewed agitation by American fishermen for their government to slap countervailing duties on Canadian fish. They say Canadian fishermen are subsidized and that public funds spent on the restructuring and affiliated programs have increased an unfair advantage that Canadian fishermen have over them. They want punitive tariffs to equalize this situation. Previous decisions of the U.S. International Trade Commission have favored Canada, but the American fishermen seem to get more determined every time. Severe punitive tariffs would knock the crutches right out from under the fishery, undoing its convalescence.

Then there are the politics.

One of the dominant facts in the east coast fishery right now is the dire situation of Newfoundland's inshore fishermen and fish plant workers. The Newfoundland fishery is mostly for cod and other groundfish. It does not have the rich store of shellfish — lobster, scallops and crab — that in some years accounts for half the value of the fishery in the Maritimes. Also, Newfoundland is farther from the markets and geographic conditions are more difficult. These factors have left the inshore sector in the province to take the brunt of the recession. Some fishermen have been making as little as \$2,000 a year, according to the Newfoundland Fish, Food and Allied Workers Union. Last summer an extra tragedy struck when the cod that usually migrate near shore didn't. It was this extra measure of distress which motivated the Newfoundland government to cooperate with Ottawa on the restructuring of the bankrupt companies, after resisting fiercely.

The union jumped on Fishery Products International before it was even legally formed, demanding more money for its members. NFFAW president Richard Cashin has been making speeches all over the province this spring on a campaign called “Unity '84” to rally his followers and pressure the company. The union says the company is “undercapitalized” — that the \$75 million the federal government put into it is not enough to make it succeed except by keeping fishermen in poverty.

Union official Des McGrath says that of its 11,000 members who are inshore fishermen, a probable 2,000 have not returned fishing this season and instead have “headed for the nearest welfare of-

fice.” He charges that this is a deliberate policy of the federal government to reduce the number of fishermen. In mid-May, slowdown action at a number of fish plants had been started to force the company to negotiate a new contract, with warnings of worse to come.

Fisheries Minister Pierre DeBané, however, has warned that “not one cent more” than the \$75 million will be put into the company, a statement which Cashin calls “appalling.”

Debané's attitude is influenced by several things. He's eager to avoid American countervails. The more federal money goes into the Newfoundland company, the more American fishermen are likely to squawk. The company has been instructed to operate on private market principles, to make a profit and not presume that it has a cash pipeline to Ottawa. Also, the federal government has its own budgetary problems. And finally the public mood is hostile to government interventions.

Nowhere is that mood stronger than in the private sector of the fishery, especially in the Maritimes and more specifically in Nova Scotia. Hostility between the private fish companies and government, in fact, is another major feature of the fishing industry in this troublesome summer.

Although little has been heard about this in public, industry and DFO officials have been shouting at each other in private.

The immediate cause of the shouting is an export marketing plan the government wants to impose on the industry. This export agency would be partly based on the Canagrex model in grain, through which the federal government controls export sales.

This matter has come to a sticky pass. “They make their emotional arguments and we make our emotional arguments and we're just paranoid that they're going to go that final step and create a Canagrex of fish,” says Ernest Cadegan, president of the Seafood Producers' Association of Nova Scotia.

The idea of government-controlled exporting has been on the back burner for some time. The government feels that part of the industry's problems is that Canadian fish companies undercut each other too much on the U.S. market with “distress sales.” Former Fisheries minister Roméo LeBlanc had threatened to create such an export agency during the 1974-75 slump unless the industry got its act together. The industry responded by creating CAFE — the Canadian Association of Fish Exporters — to co-ordinate export sales, but it quickly became merely a promotional body.

The Kirby Commission recommended a marketing commission that would have been controlled by the industry itself. The industry, through the Fisheries Council of Canada, accepted this. But the government rejected it — the only part of the Kirby report it rejected.

Such an arrangement, says deputy

COVER STORY

Fisheries minister Dr. Art May, would be nothing more than a voluntary committee "and it wouldn't be much different from what exists now." DFO wants a body that could do state-to-state deals, support fish prices if it has to and "impose discipline" on exporters. May calls this "something halfway between the Wheat Board concept and doing nothing at all." DFO wants to revamp the existing Fish Prices Support Board to do this job — a job already done by the Canadian Saltfish Corporation in northern Newfoundland. The European fish producers also have such state-run export agencies.

The fish companies of the Maritimes have traditionally pursued their own markets, especially in the U.S., and are passionately opposed to government control of export marketing. They point out that Canada has become the world's largest fish exporter without it and they question the government's assumptions about "distress selling."

"The Kirby Commission said that distress selling was not a significant problem," says Cadegan. He admits that there has been a fair bit of it over the past year or so, "but what's so surprising about that? Show me a business where there's no distress selling during tough times. It happens because people have a problem. It's not going to be solved by creating a board. It's going to be solved by solving people's financial problems." The federal government, he charges, is trying to set up a "utopian" system.

However, there are deeper roots to this dispute than the marketing aspect. The restructuring of the fish companies has left many fish plant owners, especially in Nova Scotia, extremely fearful about government intentions. They see the government-owned supercompany in Newfoundland as the first step toward a total takeover of the fishery by the government, despite the fact that an intended government takeover of National Sea was averted in Nova Scotia.

They feel that despite government disclaimers the Newfoundland company will be subsidized extensively, hurting the small private companies. "I can't compete with government," says one processor in western Nova Scotia. "I feel vulnerable. I'm a free enterpriser. I don't want bureaucrats running the fishery." Like most other small processors, he didn't want to be quoted, fearing retaliation in future by the Ottawa bureaucracy. The situation is that bad. Most of these processors hope the Conservatives will come to power in the next election and rein in the DFO planners.

Meanwhile the Newfoundland company is caught in a bind: The union says it won't have enough money for the workers while the private sector says it will be spending taxpayers' money like water to the detriment of themselves. Company officials are keeping their mouths shut and their fingers crossed.



Cadegan, president of Seafood Producers' Association of Nova Scotia

The big companies' troubles have mostly to do with cod and other groundfish and the selling of these species rather than with conservation of the stocks, which is the main consideration with lobster. Since the foreign boats were removed and the catch regulated after the 200-mile limit, groundfish stocks in most places appear to be returning nicely. Conservation, however, is the main issue for two other great species that have to be mentioned when considering the future of the fishery: Scallops and herring.

Scallops are Nova Scotia's most important species in terms of landed value. The western end of the province, the richest part of the Atlantic fishery, rests on the scallop fishery. But the scallops mostly come from the northeast part of Georges Bank, which the Americans also claim and which is in dispute before the World Court at The Hague.

One thing about this problem: The solution will be quick and clean (the court's judgement is expected late in the year). Either Canada will retain the stocks in question and be able to nurse them back to health after much recent overfishing by the Americans, or it will lose them. If Georges is lost it will be a disaster, not only because of the bank itself (which provides as many as 3,500 fishing and shore jobs) but because boats that fish there (for groundfish as well as scallops) will want to muscle in on already-overcrowded banks elsewhere.

Then there's herring. If lobster provides an example of good resource management, herring provides an extreme example of the opposite. In the early 1960s a fishmeal industry was opened in B.C. Herring seiners there quickly depleted the stock. Incredibly the federal government encouraged the boats to come to

the east coast where they proceeded to do the same thing, with some help. In 1968, the Canadian and foreign fleets combined may have caught as much as a million tonnes of herring. That's almost as much as the total of all species combined caught now by Atlantic fishermen.

The stocks have declined continually since then. This year there are seasons closed or partially closed throughout the Atlantic region, and it's likely to be the worst year ever. Last year the herring didn't show up in the Bay of Fundy weirs for the first time in living memory. Meanwhile there are battles between inshore fishermen and seiners over who will catch what there is.

In trying to reduce the number of seiners (58) to about half, DFO has proposed that a deepsea mackerel fishery be opened. But that has started another fight, with inshore fishermen saying the same disaster will befall mackerel as herring.

The question was: How long before we can expect the fishery to stabilize? First, of course, it has to recover from its present misery. If markets continue to improve, as they seem to be doing now, it should do that. Improving markets tend to take the edge off other problems, although the Newfoundland fishery in particular has a long way to come before it can be said to have recovered. If Georges Bank can be retained, if government and industry can come to some rational compromise on the export marketing question, then that will help too.

Presuming that there'll be a recovery, the answer is that with some skill by both private and government managers and some luck the industry will be on an even keel before the next scheduled downturn some seven years from now. That's assuming that the devastating mistakes of the last seven years have been taken to heart.

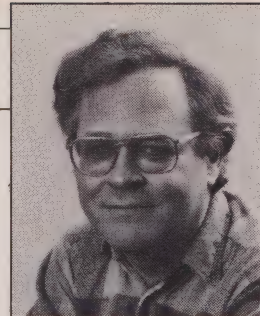
When the industry emerged from its last slump, the peak of the upturn coincided with the declaration of the 200-mile limit. Markets became very strong and a gold rush mentality developed. Expensive boats and gear were bought, some at interest rates up to 18%. The number of fish plants in the Atlantic provinces tripled to 600. When the markets turned down the bubble burst and disaster struck.

The 200-mile limit brought about a drastically new situation, one for which neither the industry nor the bureaucracy was prepared. With hindsight and experience in their favor, one presumes that the same mistakes won't be repeated.

They'd better not be. If the fishery fails again, requiring another transfusion of millions of dollars in public funds a few years down the road, then the industry will indeed become, as the pessimists would have it, a "ward of the state." ❧

HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

How much is that video in the window?



How Pete Seeger, the Bible and the Byrds closed a generation gap

Did you find what you needed for your party?" I ask our 15-year-old after he's sorted through our old recordings.

"Oh sure," he says. "I got lots of classics."

"I didn't know your friends liked Bach and Mozart."

"Not *that* stuff," he retorts. "The Beatles, the Doors, the Byrds, the Mamas and Papas. You know, the *classics*." Ah well, it's only a dozen years since a renowned sociologist predicted future generations would recognize the Beatles as having exerted as much influence on the music of the western world as Beethoven.

"My father's so old," I heard one girl confide to another, "that he can actually name the tunes on the Muzak in the supermarket."

A friend swears he overheard a girl on a bus marvelling, "Did you know Paul McCartney once played for another group." Poor child. Her classical education is sadly deficient. Actually, I find my friend's story hard to swallow, but it does force me to face the dismal fact that time zooms so fast there are already millions of Michael Jackson freaks who were born not merely after the Beatles' heyday but after the Beatles broke up. Moreover, at the first sounds of Gordon Lightfoot's guitar, most of these kids would doubtless get up and leave the room.

My younger son, he who appreciates the classics, also likes video music on TV. Once, when I asked him what strange crap he was watching, he witheringly replied, "Don't you know that's one of the greatest videos of all time?" His flair for hyperbole will come in handy if he wants to pursue a career as a sports announcer, but I do not doubt his judgment. If he said he was watching one of the greatest videos of all time, he was indeed watching one of the greatest videos of all time. What do I know? What does any 49-year-old know?

He is fair about who gets to watch what. On a night when he craved his regular fix of video weirdness, he tolerated my watching a documentary about the Weavers. Now if the Beatles were classical, the Weavers were prehistoric. Their leader was Pete Seeger, and in the primeval McCarthy era they sang stuff that reflected leftwing attitudes that got Seeger into political trouble; but they also amazed themselves by

delighting much of North America's grubby capitalist society with commercial hits: "So Long," "On Top of Old Smoky," "Wimoweh," Kisses Sweeter than Wine," and the song that's since ended a million dances, house parties, and campfire singongs, "Good Night Irene."

The Weavers were a quartet, and a marvellous example of the whole being more than the sum of its parts. Seeger played banjo, sang in a split-tenor wail, chopped logs onstage, and exuded so much love for what he was doing that it was a cold crowd indeed that didn't forgive him for being a shade arch. Ronnie Gilbert had a bronze, imperative contralto. Her voice soared like a challenge to the whole world to wake up and do right. Fred Hellerman played guitar, sang high, sang low. Lee Hays boasted what Seeger called "a big gospel bass." And now, in 1984, coming at me from Bangor, Me., here they all were, together again, and for the last time.

Ronnie was now a chubby, grey-haired doll, and Seeger a scraggly stripling of only 64 or so. One of the others was in a wheelchair. They were shaky, bitten by age and disease, and they smiled into one another's eyes. They lifted their cracked voices together one more time, and belted out the old songs. "If I Had a Hammer." "Where Have All the Flowers Gone." Short time passing. Good night, Irene, good night. Good night, Weavers.

I was near tears.

"Can we watch *New Music Magazine* now?" my son asked.

A decade before he was born, my wife and I saw these same codgers perform in Ottawa; and that fact, I'm sure, confirmed his opinion that we were not only elderly but also guilty of ludicrously quaint tastes in music. It was 1958 when we saw the Weavers. Only three years had passed since the House Un-American Activities Committee had investigated Seeger. He was convicted on 10 counts of contempt of Congress (charges that were not dismissed till 1962), but he and the other Weavers still had a following in Canada. Of course, their work was not as popular as "Diana" by Ottawa's own Paul Anka, then 15, or "Catch a Falling Star," or that revolting Christmas ditty, "The Chipmunk Song."

When I recall such crud, I know

I'm not on good ground to knock the music that now entrances teenagers. After all, it was my teenage years that gave the world such gems as "Sentimental Me," "A—You're Adorable," "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus," "Somebody Bad Stole de Wedding Bell," and the dreadfully unforgettable "That Doggie in the Window." The one with the waggly tail. Or was it "waggeldy"?

I still cringe to recall that, at 17, I confessed to a cynical buddy that the Teresa Brewer version of "Till I Waltz Again With You" was "probably my favorite song." My friend, who'd studied classical piano, exploded in such derisive hysterics we had to leave the restaurant before I could summons from the jukebox either "Little Things Mean a Lot," in which someone was urged to "touch my hair as you pass my chair," or "The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane," in which the singer keeps the cute secret till the last line. The naughty lady, it turned out, was "only five years old," and they can't take that away from me.

I wish they could. That's the trouble with having the sort of memory that causes you to wake up one morning in 1984 knowing that, more than 30 years earlier, you hung out with teenagers who thought it was killingly funny to change the song "Rags to Riches" to "Bags to Bitches." Somebody'd sing, "I know I'd go from bags to bitches if you would only be my own," and we'd all break up. The way we were.

By the mid-Sixties, which were my early 30s, I'd put away childish things and learned to love the Byrds. The title song of their album "Turn! Turn! Turn!" was a variation of verses in Ecclesiastes: "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven . . . A time to be born, and a time to die . . . A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak . . . a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war and a time of peace . . ." Now the man who adapted the words and wrote the music for "Turn! Turn! Turn!" — and he did it years before anyone had ever heard of the Byrds — was none other than good old Pete Seeger. The thing was, you put Seeger and the Bible together with the Byrds and you got, well, a *classic*. What's a classic if it isn't something that occasionally bridges a generation gap?



BOOK EXCERPT

The Gulf of St. Lawrence

Tall Ships cruised the Gulf this summer. Jacques Cartier cruised it exactly 450 years ago. Here, in excerpts from a new book published by Oxford University Press Canada, writer Harry Bruce and photographers Wayne Barrett and Anne MacKay celebrate Atlantic Canada's amazing inland sea.

Ringed by five of Canada's 10 provinces, the Gulf of St. Lawrence is the ocean entryway to an entire continent. From Strait of Belle Isle, the Gulf's northernmost approach from the open Atlantic, vessels penetrate 2,045 miles up the St. Lawrence system — past Montreal, Toronto, Cleveland and Detroit; past the longitudes of Boston, New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago — all the way west to Duluth, Minnesota. Explor-

ers and traders once pushed onward by canoe. They followed other rivers out to the mountains of the far west, north to the Arctic Ocean, and all the way south to the Gulf of Mexico. These forays to the very limits of an unknown continent remain part of the upriver epic. The downriver story is no less dramatic. In peace, war, settlement and trade, the St. Lawrence has borne outbound vessels as surely as it has flowed to the Gulf, and





(left) On the south coast of Newfoundland, a fellow learns the ways of the water early in life

(photo, pages 30 & 31)

In geological time the period since 1534, when Jacques Cartier first saw these lowering palisades of rock, amount only to a blink of God's eye. The Long Range Mountains on the Gulf shore of Newfoundland haven't had time to change. If Cartier could return, he'd still know them. He went on from there that summer to find the Magdalen Islands, Prince Edward Island, the Gulf coast of New Brunswick, Chaleur Bay, the Gaspé Peninsula, Anticosti Island, and much of the northern or Quebec shore of the Gulf, and he still managed to get home to St. Malo well before snow fell either there or in the colder territory he'd just claimed for the King of France

on to the sea. Since the age of Martin Luther, Michelangelo, and the Spanish conquistadors, the river and its Gulf have been highway and harbor to the sailors of the world.

No one will ever know when the first sea-going vessel from Europe penetrated the Gulf. Some have concocted bizarre theories that Phoenicians and ancient Romans actually reached North America. Some believe that the Micmac Indians, who knew the Gulf when Christ walked the earth, are descendants of Mediterranean peoples. Maybe St. Brendan, the Sinbad of Ireland, really did sail his leather boat to the Gulf in the sixth century AD. Maybe Henry Sinclair, a Scottish prince, really did spend a year in Nova Scotia a century before Columbus "discovered" America. And maybe the Vikings had reached the Gulf centuries before that. The remains of their 1,000-year-old settlement at L'Anse-aux-Meadows, Newfoundland, overlook the seaward entrance to Strait of Belle Isle; and it's unlikely that a people whose daring had brought them so far would not have popped through the strait to the waters beyond.

In 1497 skipper John Cabot, probably of Genoa but sailing under the English flag, made a North American landfall, perhaps at the southwestern corner of Newfoundland, perhaps at the northern tip of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. In either case, he reached the strait that now bears his name without





(above) These gentle meadows and rolling farmlands lie on the southern coast facing Northumberland Strait. From Victoria the Bonshaw Hills Trail leads hikers through more farms and, rare today on the Island, cool forests



Cormorants have endured bad press for centuries. Their gluttony inspired Shakespeare to make them symbols of greed, devouring even Time. In Paradise Lost, John Milton said Satan "sat like a Cormorant. . . devising Death." Percé fishermen call the cormorant a "snaky beast" and fishermen throughout the Gulf have a low opinion of him. Biologists claim cormorants do little economic damage, but fishermen nevertheless see this low-flying, deep-diving, web-footed, and super-efficient "sea raven" as a competitor. These devilish fellows (left) perch near Pictou, Nova Scotia, on Northumberland Strait

ever learning that it led to the great Gulf, and beyond that to the great river. Later explorers also ranged along the coast, from Labrador to New England, without sailing either southwest through Strait of Belle Isle or northwest through Cabot Strait. It was left to Jacques Cartier, from St. Malo in France, to discover the Gulf as an "official" explorer in 1534.

By then, however, transatlantic voyages were routine for the tough, anonymous fishermen of western England, France, Spain, Portugal and the country of the Basques, and "the man from St. Malo" was by no means the first European of his time to sail the Gulf. But the fact that he discovered the already-discovered scarcely detracts from his immortal achievement. On that first of his three voyages to Canada, he didn't merely visit the Gulf, he investigated it, described it, felt it out as no one had ever done before. Between early June of 1534, when he entered Strait of Belle Isle, and his departure through the same passage in mid-August, he cruised the west coast of Newfoundland, the northwest corner of Prince Edward Island, the east coast of New Brunswick and Chaleur Bay, the Gaspé coast, and hundreds of miles of Quebec's Lower North Shore. During this mighty loop round most of the Gulf's perimeter, he also inspected the Magdalen Islands and almost entirely circled the massive Anticosti Island.

Like explorers before him, and explorers for generations after, Cartier was driven by the most powerful obsession in the history of navigation — the dream of finding a short, safe route across the western ocean to the silks, spices and fabulous wealth that lay in trade with the Far East. Just one shipload of nutmeg and pepper could make a man rich for life, and the dream tempted many a captain beyond the edge of the known world. But if Cartier was a dreamer, he

(continued on page 36)



Bay St. Lawrence is just about the most northern village in Cape Breton. Caught between the highlands on one hand and the ocean on the other, it inspires intense loyalty among its people

Off Rustico on the north shore of Prince Edward Island, a priest's robe billows in a Gulf gust as he blesses the fishing fleet. Fish and tourists are keys to Rustico's economy, and it's the fish who lure many of the tourists. By 1980, fifty licensed fishermen in tiny Rustico were still hauling in up to 1.5 million tons a year, and annual landings fetched close to a million dollars, mostly for lobster. Fishermen also earn money taking groups of tourists out to fish the Gulf



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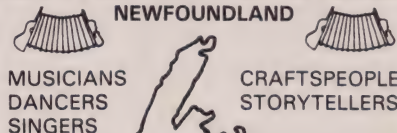
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July 22	Depart Gaspé (Race)
July 23	Arrive Sept-Iles
July 24	Official Reception
July 25	Depart Sept-Iles (Race)
July 27	Arrive Tadoussac
July 28	Official Reception & Departure
July 28	Arrive La Malbaie
July 29	Official Reception

July 30	Depart La Malbaie
July 30	Arrive Quebec City & Welcoming Reception on Site of Quebec '84
July 31	Parade & Official Reception by Quebec '84
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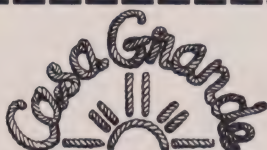
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Raimondo De Soncino told the Duke of Milan by mail in 1497 that John Cabot had discovered that the Atlantic Ocean, off what's now Newfoundland, was so "swarming with fish" that they could be taken "not only with the net, but with buckets let down with a stone. . . ." But Cabot had slipped across the Cabot Strait to Cape Breton Island without ever knowing that off his starboard beam lay the immense Gulf with its own fertile shallows, sea pastures, and an Eldorado of fish.

When Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Ferland, a Montreal-born priest, visited Gaspé in the late 19th century, the Gulf had been fished commercially for more than three centuries. Yet he wrote, "It is the land of the codfish! Your eyes and nose and tongue and throat and ears as well, soon make you realize that in the peninsula of Gaspé, the codfish forms the basis alike of food and amusements, of business and general talk, of regrets, hope, good luck, everyday life — I would almost be ready to say of existence itself." And not only the codfish. Caraquet, New Brunswick, which is just across Chaleur Bay from Gaspé, also harvests and freezes haddock, mackerel, and sole. Oysters, clams, and lobster contribute to the economy, too

was also an observant dreamer, a reporter, a trader, a negotiator. There was a practical, crafty side to his daring, and his second voyage, which took him all the way upriver to Montreal, confirmed him forever as the man who showed old France the path to New France. He unlocked the Gulf, but the keys to its future would not be cloves and cinnamon. They'd be furs, fish, timber, the cannon and the cross.

For two centuries after Cartier's voyages, the cannon often seemed dominant. From beyond the Gulf even to the

Mississippi, conflict between the imperial ambitions of France and Britain fumed, smouldered, periodically exploded in flames and gore. The Gulf lay between the continent's heart and the Newfoundland fisheries. It was New France's ocean buffer and maritime outpost; but its eastern wall was Newfoundland, and that lay like "a great English ship moored near the fishing banks." In 1759, the British captured Quebec City. In 1760, they demolished Fortress Louisbourg, the walled town that the French had built on Ile-Royale (Cape Breton Island) near the



Cabot Strait. France was now finished in the Gulf, and so was major warfare.

Vessels have since carried men and munitions over the Gulf and onward to cataclysms around the world, but it has not been an important theatre of war itself. "The Battle of the St. Lawrence," for instance, was just a sideshow of the Second World War in a sparsely populated, sub-arctic byway of the northwest Atlantic. But, for the people of the Gulf and the lower river, it was grim enough. Nazi U-boats roamed their waters for five months in 1942, sank 23 ships, killed 700 people. That was more people than the Canadian Army lost in Sicily.

Only a few hundred thousand people live in communities scattered around the Gulf's long, intricate coast, and its human history is mostly a quiet saga of survival. Its natural history, however, is spectacular. The Gulf lies smack in the middle of one of the world's great flyways for migratory birds. No spring passes without the sight and din of wave upon wave of southbound landbirds. No autumn passes without mighty invasions of northbound shorebirds. Gulf waters surround island sanctuaries for fabulous and sometimes deafening colonies of sea-birds. As fisheries, parts of the Gulf rival the offshore banks, and early every winter hordes of seals ride floating ice down through Strait of Belle Isle to whelp near the Magdalen Islands. Whales romp in Gulf waters, and its coasts are home to every creature from bears to hares, from deer to dormice, from wolves to woodchucks, from cats to caribou.

The Gulf is no mere river mouth. With an area of 60,000 square miles, it's half as big as the Baltic Sea. The river, which drains 500,000 square miles of hinterland, dumps fresh water into the Gulf from the southwest, while the ocean

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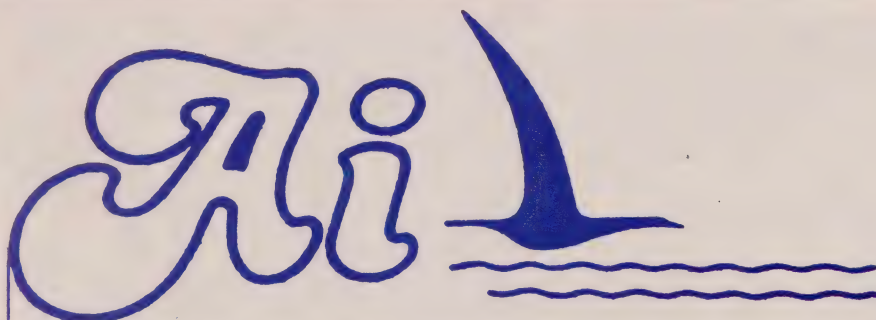
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
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pumps in salt water from the northeast. The Gulf contains 35,000 cubic miles of water, but powerful currents and the pull of the earth's rotation combine to change the entire contents every two years and four months. Cutting across the bed of this inland sea, running from the continental shelf all the way up to the mouth of the Saguenay River, is the Laurentian Channel. A testament to the gouging power of ancient glacial action, it has depths of 250 fathoms.

The Gulf endures wild extremes. Not 300 miles separate its northern and southern limits, yet the north may be suffering an Arctic blizzard while the south experiences only a muggy fog, broken with flashes of sunlight. In northern New Brunswick and the Gaspé, the temperature may soar to 100°F. in summer and plummet to -40°F. in winter. Calm days on Gulf waters are rarer than pearls, but gales last for days on end.

Such a place deserves a respectful approach, from a respectful distance. For the purpose of this book then, the inland limits of the Gulf are well upriver at Isle d'Orléans, the tidal divide where outbound vessels first come to terms with the ocean's pull; and the outer limits begin off Newfoundland's Atlantic coasts, where vessels jammed with gritty, hopeful people have been pushing westward to the Gulf for God alone knows how many years.

Four-hundred-and-fifty at the very least. 



Anticosti Island has a gruesome maritime history. Its currents, winds and reefs have been a sailor's nightmare for centuries. In the mid-1800s, the square-timber industry turned Quebec City into a world port, and every summer roughly 2,000 ships had to make their perilous way past Anticosti. In the 1870s alone, the limestone reefs snared 106 ships; and since the late 1600s at least 400 vessels have foundered there. Thousands of castaways have been swept ashore, and the tales of starvation and cannibalism are as grim as any you'll find in shipwreck history




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The evolving art of Carol Fraser

This Halifax painter is getting ready for another change in style. She's looking for a happy medium between "flamboyant impressionism and didactic drawing"

By Kelly Ryan
Vincent Van Gogh cut off his earlobe after arguing with Gauguin. Toni Onley threatened to burn his unsold paintings when told they would be taxed. Carol Fraser threw two years' worth of paintings in the garbage. "Everything I did was a disaster," the 54-year-old Halifax artist says, "a waste of paint."

That was 1967-68. Fraser had been painting professionally for 15 years. She'd taught, received a Canada Council grant and had nation-wide exhibits. In her early impressionistic paintings sunlight formed a gentle haze around a bright mass of flower petals. But in 1967, "I couldn't paint forms anymore, so I kind of quit and went back and started all over again with hard, careful drawing," she explains.

Fraser, who had majored in chemistry and biology to prepare for medical school, decided to combine her talents in science and art. Scientific instruments became her images as she transformed test-tubes into male bodies and flasks into female forms. "I wanted to bring art and science together but I didn't know how," Fraser says.

Her attempts were successful.

At the 1983 Nobel Conference, an

annual gathering of arts, science and theology specialists, at the University of Minnesota, she showed paintings like "Valentine With Love to Christian Barnard," for example, and spoke to delegates on science in art.

Her comfortable South End Halifax home is a similar study in juxtaposition. Austere white walls and a simple kitchen defy the stereotype of an artist's home. But in the sunroom, paper blinds of purple and yellow pastels on huge windows, flowering plants and floorlength bookshelves offer vivid testimony to Fraser's creativity.

The house also offers details of Fraser's softer side. Fraser's sketch of her husband, John, hangs over the stove and photographs of their three cats cover a bulletin board in the kitchen doorway.

The only surviving cat, Joey, sleeps on a red blanket on the white living room sofa. He's 17, the son of another of Fraser's cats, Annie, who died at 19. Fraser fondles his ears and says lovingly, "Joey doesn't know how to show his feelings very well, but he's turned into a sloppy lap cat since Annie died."

Fraser's studio, a shed covered with climbing roses, stands in the centre of her garden, a jungle akin to Milton's Eden

in *Paradise Lost* in which orange and purple flowers bloom beside tall bushes.

"The gardener's cat is dead, his garden grows salacious weeds," she quotes from Wallace Stevens' poem "Credences of Summer." "That's really the story of my life," she says with a laugh.

Fraser was born in Wisconsin during the Depression, a Lutheran minister's daughter. By 10, she was painting. "My father made me a real professional's paint box," she says. "The paints were hardware store tints. The box was charming and delightful. The paints were terrible because they didn't dry properly."

"I always liked making pictures as a



Fraser: Bringing art and science together

child," she explains, smiling. "That's ironical because I wasn't doodling, I was making pictures, which is what I still do." She paints distinct flowers from her garden, cats that look remarkably like Joey, and other common objects.

Fraser's paintings, with their vibrancy, detail and hard lines, are distinctive. "Third World Night," painted during a 1981 stay in Mexico, shows how Fraser transforms common objects into symbolic scenes. The canvas is mauve. Three white, bell-shaped flowers hang over two guns. Red lightning streaks the background. The flowers are angels' trumpets, a common Mexican plant; the guns are strictly detailed. Together, they express the "mixture of danger and leisure and sensuality" Fraser felt in Mexico.

A number of cheerful watercolors, the result of the same Mexican sojourn, were displayed in an exhibit at Dresden Galleries in Halifax last May. Over half the watercolors sold, but normally Fraser's work doesn't sell well. "It is work by an intellectual that has to be appreciated by an intellectual," Dresden Galleries owner Robert Dietz says.



"Third World Night": Transforming common objects into symbolic scenes

"Anyone who buys her work has an academic background."

Fraser continues to paint what she wants, even if people aren't buying. "That's part of what makes her an artist," Dietz says.

Fraser didn't consider art as a career until her mid-20s when she spent a year studying theology in Germany. She already had a B.Sc. degree and had worked as a control chemist for a year. While in Germany she visited art galleries, attended lectures and met several artists who intensified her love of art. She told magazine writer J.C. Morrow that those people are "probably the most significant, the most memorable people that I have ever met in my life — or ever will meet."

But her influences are not exclusively European, nor are they all painters. In the catalogue that accompanied her 1977 exhibit at Dalhousie Art Gallery (the exhibit was later taken across Canada), Fraser says, "For the past several years certain lines of poetry have been insistently nibbling away at my mind for recognition in my paintings."

Wallace Stevens is the poet Fraser particularly admires. His poem "The Candle" once hung on the wall above the desk where she managed the household finances. He's also a favorite when she's working with hard, careful lines. "Stevens is so rational, intellectual," she says.

Stevens also sees a relationship between painting and poetry. In *The Necessary Angel* he writes, "In an age in which disbelief is so profoundly

prevalent or, if not disbelief, indifference to questions of belief, poetry and painting, and the arts in general, are in their measure, a compensation for what has been lost."

Fraser's 1969-1977 works depict man's indifference to nature and relationships. In "Lamentation," Mother Nature weeps over a garden of pipes. In "Salvage," robed hands from the sky hold a conglomeration of broken appliances, pipes and foliage painted in the form of an embracing couple. In "The

Couple I and II" and "The Grandparents I and II," figures are linked by matching scissors and knife, joining arteries and tears. In all these Fraser brings nature and science together. Foliage is the background for bright red and green test-tube figures. "I think of the figure as a very chemical being," she says.

But violently bright colors may soon disappear from Fraser's canvases. Her studio, now cluttered with paintings from the Nobel Conference exhibition, will soon be organized. "I'm looking forward to [having] what you call a clean palette." She says of her style change in '67, "I learned some good lessons because you can get to the same point with careful drawing as you can with the opposite when it becomes compulsive, dictating, very stiff and uninventive, uncreative."

She wants to find the happy medium between flamboyant impressionism and didactic drawing. "I'll still keep with that kind of clarity, but soften it, soften the colors," she says thoughtfully.

When Dietz discusses Fraser changing her style again he shrugs his shoulders complacently. "How often did Picasso change? Five times," he says. "If an artist paints the same way all her life it becomes boring. You change your fashion. You change your outlook on life."

Carol Fraser is getting ready for another change as she enters into her next adventure in creativity. ☒



"Lamentation" depicts man's indifference to nature



"Pinktime II"; watercolor



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

The mystical Split was once known only to naturalists

The “unelusive glories” of Fundy

“It is an eerie sensation to be several miles inland on the banks of a tidal river that leisurely snakes its way through marshland to the Bay and suddenly see a frothing, hissing metre-high wave reverse the flow of the stream”

By Harry Thurston

My wife and I were camped on Cape Split, the headland of a four-mile spit of land that curves like a taut bow into the headwaters of the Bay of Fundy. The night before, the tide had kept me awake with its protest as it squeezed through the five-mile wide Minas Channel that academic and poet Watson Kirkconnell once called Nova Scotia’s Hellespont, for the fury of the tides there. By morning the tide had ebbed. Out to sea, the water was a polished, sky-blue mirror for cumulus clouds. We could hear the wing beats of gulls as they made feeding forays from the towering pillar, split off from the peninsula, that gives the place its name.

It was a day to make the best of. Our plan was purely impractical and, we

thought, harmlessly daring — a lark. After breakfast we made our way down the headland’s southern slope, along the beach in the shadow of the ruddy, 400-foot cliffs, across the rocky reaches where the tide had receded between the peninsula and the tiny archipelago of islands created by time and the tide. All this took about an hour. Finally, we reached the outermost island, a Gibraltar-shaped chunk of land called the Pinnacle that was now high and dry. It was an easy climb up the grassy, narrow path that led to the sharp peak, 150 feet above sea level. We stretched out on the modest plot of turf to enjoy the view — and in my case at least, to recover from a mild case of vertigo. We were there no more than a few minutes when I looked down to see the tide making

muddy swirls, a moat around our natural castle. My gut tightened.

Our options were clear: Either wait out the 12½-hour tidal cycle or test the deepening waters below. We scurried down the Pinnacle’s spine and plunged into the waist deep water. We waded to the beach and raced the tide around the headland — just barely. Within an hour, it was spilling in a torrent through the Split and pounding against the sheer cliffs that would have been our last resort, if we had been so luckless.

I had grown up on the Bay. But it was then and there I gained a due respect for the famed Fundy tides. That was a dozen years ago.

Then, the mystical Split was known to only a few naturalists and flower children. It was a place you could go to be alone, even on holiday weekends, a place you might imagine communing with the spirit of the Micmac Man-God Glooscap who is said to have a seat of power there. Since then, the Split has earned a degree of commercial notoriety, showing up as a scenic for a national beer advertisement. Now, there is a parking lot at the trail entrance. Nothing, however, could spoil its natural attributes. It remains the best possible vantage point from which to witness one of the world’s wonders.

The Bay of Fundy tides are the larg-

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est in the world. In 1917, the highest tide ever recorded (a whopping 16.3 metres) occurred in the Minas Basin at Burncoat Head, just a stone's throw from where the Nova Scotia government proposes to build a five-mile-wide tidal power barrage in the 1990s.

Just why the Fundy tides are so high has puzzled scientists for decades. They've concluded that the tides are related to a phenomenon known as resonance, a harmonic sloshing back and forth of tidal waves in the 170-mile long basin, and to the shape of the Bay.

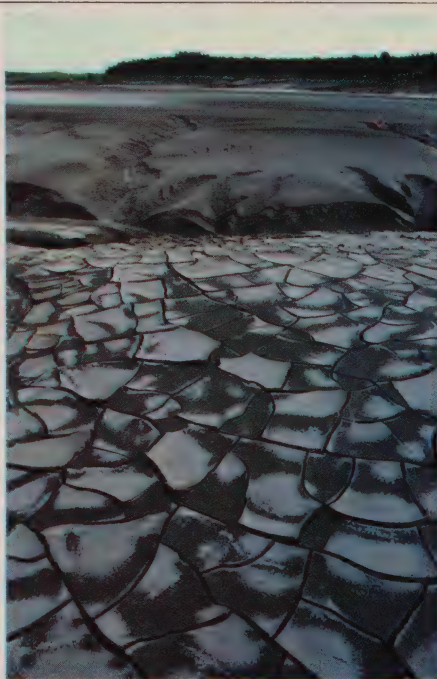
Geologically, the Bay is a graben, a trough of land bordered by two faults. It was formed 250 million years ago, in Triassic times, by earthquakes that sundered the continental plates. Like another famous rift valley, the Red Sea, it is splayed at the head into two major basins: The Chignecto Bay to the north and the Minas Basin to the south. Essentially, however, it is funnel-shaped, large at the mouth and narrow at the other end, so that as the water — a quantity some 70 times the flow of the Mississippi River — is forced into the narrower and shallower upper reaches, it rises dramatically. As this wave of tide enters the shoaled estuaries of tidal rivers, it picks up speed and actually overruns itself. It begins to break like a wave advancing up a beach. This visually surreal phenomenon is known as a tidal bore and was colorfully described by the famous 19th-century geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, as "a current of red mud in violent motion." It is an eerie sensation to be several miles inland on the banks of a tidal river that leisurely snakes its way through marshland to the Bay and suddenly see a frothing, hissing metre-high wave reverse the flow of the stream.

For 3½ centuries, Acadian dykes have held back the sea. In historic Grand Pré, where a church and statue of Longfellow's heroine, Evangeline, commemorate the 1755 expulsion of the Acadians, fertile dykeland still yields heavy crops of hay and grain for today's farmers. It was near this pastoral patchwork of fields hemmed in by the dykes and fringe of emerald marshgrass that Maritime poet Bliss Carman penned one of his best known poems, "Low Tide at Grand Pré":

*The sun goes down, and over all
these barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.*

"Unelusive glories" still bathe the vast mud flats exposed at low tide around the shore of the upper Bay. But Carman's view that these are "barren reaches" has been overturned by Atlantic scientists intent on understanding the Bay's remarkable ecosystem in anticipation of a major tidal power development in the Minas Basin.

Carman can be forgiven his poetic licence. A decade ago, even scientists felt that the muddy Minas waters were relatively lifeless. And to the layman's eye,



"Barren reaches by the tide"

low tide exposes mud rounded and cut by tidal currents, like a giant, and seemingly unnourishing, jelly mould plopped on the plate of the Bay. In some sandy areas, the flats are unpopulated. But in other muddier ones, seabed yields a cornucopia of sea-creatures: Clams, crustaceans, salt-water worms. It is these unprepossessing creatures that spark two of the most remarkable migrations in North America. In the summer, Fundy becomes a place where north meets south, as species from as far north as the Arctic and far south as Florida congregate on its shores and in its waters.

Since Audobon's time, the upper Bay of Fundy has been recognized as a site of major importance to shorebirds. However, I lived near the shores of the

Cumberland Basin for five years before coming to that realization. In late July, shore residents spoke of the "peeps" return. I always meant to have a look. Finally, two summers ago, I travelled the shore road that branches from Sackville, N. B., at the head of the Bay. The road turns to dirt, narrows through black spruce, passes by muddy creeks and the abandoned cellars of the once prosperous quarrying community of Rockport, before opening onto a vista of the Peticodiac River and Dorchester Cape.

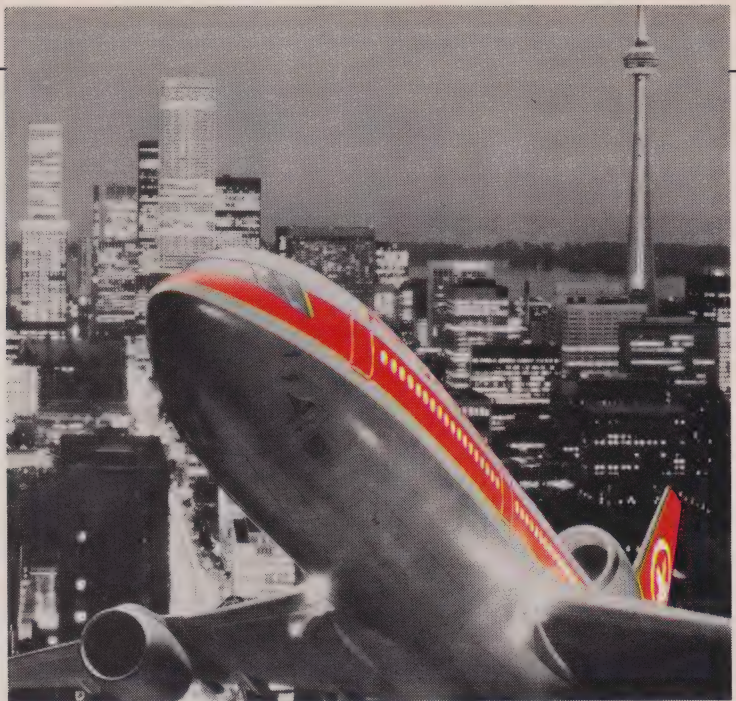
The tide at Grand Anse (Grand Bay) was at full ebb. At first glance, I could only make out a morass of amorphous mud peppered with what I took to be stones. As I advanced into the teeth of a tempest that was whipping across this 5-km tidal plain, I realized these stones were what I had come to see: Semipalmated sandpipers in the thousands, scurrying along the tideline, their plump slate-backed bodies bobbing up and down. The birds were plucking fat-rich crustaceans as they emerged unsuspecting from their burrows in the mud. These morsels were shrimp-like *Corophium volutator* which, in North America, only occur in Fundy in significant numbers and whose population booms just before the peeps' annual stopover. The Arctic-breeding sandpipers use the area as a way station to refuel before setting off over water on their 2,600-km non-stop migration to their winter home in the Caribbean and South America.

That evening the wind had died, the tide pushed the birds closer to the shoreline. In the low light, flocks spiralled like snow devils, picking up more birds with each gyration — hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands. Finally, this great whirling cloud gathered with a single purpose and headed across the mouth of the Peticodiac to a roosting site on the far shore — and again the flats became



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A horse-drawn cart makes its way to a fishing weir. In the distance are the Five Islands barren reaches.

Fundy's glories are not only for the eye, but taste, too. One of the seasonal delicacies is shad, a large, boney and oily, but sweet-fleshed, member of the herring family. In the 19th century, shad was the basis of a thriving export trade to the eastern seaboard. M.H. Perley, Esquire, Her Majesty's Emigration Officer at Saint John, N.B., dispatched to study the fisheries in the upper Bay, wrote in 1853 of "an unbroken continuance of weirs, crescent shaped, the ends of the weirs touching each other." Today, there are a handful of weirs in the Minas Basin.

For Gerald Lewis of Five Islands, the weir fishery is a family tradition. "I don't make any money; I do it for the fun," Lewis told me, fixing me with his bright, ironical eyes. Tom, his 21-year-old horse, didn't need any guidance from his master. Tom pulled the two-wheel cart across the sun-burnished flats toward the silhouette of the spruce bow weir. In the background were Five Islands, hazy bulks Micmac myth says were stones thrown after a fleeing tormentor by Glooscap.

"See what you're missing in Toronto," Lewis teased his visiting nieces, as they frolicked in tide pools.

But the fish were scarce: A few flounder for the table, useless spiny sturgeon, and no shad.

It was then mid-July. The shad had begun to move out of the Minas Basin into the Cumberland Basin. Dr. Mike Dadswell, a federal fisheries researcher at St. Andrews, N.B., has shown that the shad make a summer long, counter-

clockwise circuit of the entire Bay.

Last summer, I joined Dadswell and New Brunswick's last shad fisherman, Marvin Snowdon, for a drift of the Bay. The tide filled the creek where, a half-hour before, Snowdon's Cape Island boat lay on its keel in the mud. Snowdon steered it through the channel, marked by the tops of spindly spruce poles, out into the open Bay, reddening with the turbulence of the incoming tide. Strong tidal currents whip up clouds of mysids (another shrimp-like crustacean) into the mouths of the shad that follow the tide's ebb and flow — as do the fishermen.

Snowdon set his gill nets as we drifted toward the billiard-table-green expanse of the Trantram Marsh. I chatted with another passenger, *Sports Illustrated* writer Robert Boyle, who lives on New York's Hudson River. He was interested in Dadswell's finding that the shad in Fundy during the summer are spawners from American rivers. Like the sandpipers, the shad come to Fundy to fatten up.

The shad's size (three to seven pounds), feistiness and aerial abilities have earned it the sobriquet poor man's salmon. In the eastern United States, it has replaced the decimated Atlantic salmon as a sports fish. The possibility that a Fundy tidal power project could effect American shad stocks has anglers like Boyle concerned.

The tide was full; Snowdon began pulling his nets. The slab-sided shad flashed in the sun as they came aboard, their iridescent, fingernail-size scales just another one of Fundy's minute pleasures.

There are other seasonal visitors to

Fundy. Halibut in the spring of the year: Once, 60 years ago, a 400-pounder, or so I was told by an 80-year-old fisherman. And in the fall, salmon enter the Fundy rivers — the Stewiacke, Shubenacadie and the Maccan. Smaller rivers, too, where I can drop a fly on a pool and only have to worry about catching my backcast in the marsh grass.

Much of the upper Bay of Fundy seems wrapped in the tissue of another time, still hinterland, the same as greeted our seafaring ancestors — even though North America was founded a little further down the Bay at Port Royal. The seascape reminds me of that encountered by Alfred Lord Tennyson's lotus eaters.

*A land of streams! Some, like a downward smoke,
Slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn,
did go.*

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land; far off three mountains.

I used to go to a place that fit that description in my college days. I drove out of the Annapolis Valley, over the North Mountain to the Bay, where I walked the beach. Cataracts fell from the cliffs. I could read the tide's signature in the soft Triassic sandstone, and time's mark in the deep pitching seams of sedimentary stone. It offered healing solitude. That, for me, remains Fundy's most "unelusive glory." I dream it will bide a while.



Lovely, luscious lobster

By Peter Gard

A century ago, nearly all lobster was canned. Fishermen got 50 cents for 100 lobsters and prodigious numbers were caught. In 1909, for example, Atlantic fishermen hauled in 96 million of them, and Newfoundland alone boasted 1,500 canneries.

Nowadays, the favorite way of eating lobster in North America is freshly boiled, accompanied with mayonnaise or melted butter.

The commonest way of killing and cooking the lobster is to plunge it into boiling salted water (one tablespoon of salt to four litres of water). Cooking it in a court bouillon (a broth of water, wine and spices) greatly enhances the flavor. Since overcooking lobster toughens the meat and ruins the flavor, don't exceed the recommended cooking time of 11 minutes. Let the lobster rest for a few minutes after removing it from the water to help complete the cooking process.

Many of the fancier lobster dishes use surprisingly strong ingredients. Oddly enough, these only serve to improve the lobster's delicate flavor. As an example, I include a recipe for "Lobster Pye," a 17th-century English dish, which serves as a pleasant reminder of a time when oysters and lobsters were everyday fare and cost only a few pennies a pound.

Court Bouillon

- 3 medium carrots
- 2 onions
- 3 unpeeled cloves of garlic
- grated peel of 1/2 lemon
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. whole peppercorns
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 clove
- 1/2 tsp. fennel seed
- 6 cups water
- 1-3 cups dry white wine
- 6 sprigs parsley
- 1 tbsp. tarragon

Finely slice the carrots and onions. Combine with the remaining ingredients except the wine. Bring to a boil and simmer gently for 20 minutes. Shortly before adding the lobster, bring to a rapid boil and add the wine.

Double the quantities if you wish to cook more than one lobster at a time. Be sure to wash each lobster thoroughly before adding it to the bouillon. This helps to keep the bouillon fresh. To serve the lobster as pictured, take a cleaver and sever lobster at the joints.

Lobster Mayonnaise

- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Dijon mustard
- 3/4 cup olive oil
- salt and pepper

- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. tomato paste
- 1 tsp. cognac
- lobster roe for garnish

Beat together the egg yolks and mustard. Slowly add the olive oil, a few drops at a time, while steadily beating the mixture with a whisk. If the mixture becomes too thick, add a few drops of lemon. When all the oil has been blended with the egg, add the remaining ingredients. Garnish with lobster roe.

Lobster Bisque

- 2 whole boiled lobsters, or the heads and shells of 4 lobsters
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 3 cups milk
- 1 cup cream
- salt and pepper
- 1 tsp. cognac
- nutmeg

Remove the stomach sac, located immediately behind the eyes, and discard. Chop the lobster into 8-10 pieces. Heat the olive oil to the smoking point and add the lobster. Fry rapidly, stirring all the while, until the shells are nicely coated with oil and lightly browned. If you are using whole lobsters, remove the larger chunks of meat and set aside. Bring the milk to a boil. Finely pulverize the shells, using a blender or food processor. Add a cup or two of the milk if it becomes necessary to thin the mixture to keep the blade turning. Return the finely pulverized shells to a pot and add the remaining scalded milk. Simmer 20 minutes. Line a sieve with cheesecloth and pour the mixture through, squeezing the cheesecloth at the end to extract the last of the liquid. Add the cream. Reheat gently, adding any lobster meat you may have reserved. Season with salt and pepper and a little cognac and nutmeg.

Lobster Pye

- 4 small or two large boiled lobsters
- 2 dozen fresh oysters
- 6 anchovy fillets
- 1/2 cup butter
- juice of 1 orange
- juice of 1 lemon
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/4 cup dry sherry
- 1 tsp. freshly grated nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. mace
- salt and pepper to taste

Remove the lobster meat from its shell and cut into inch-square pieces. Shuck the oysters and strain the liquid to remove any bits of shell. Melt the butter and mash the anchovy fillets with a fork. Combine with the remaining ingredients. Taste to correct seasoning. Place the mixture in an oven-proof dish. Cover with a pie crust, "good and proportionable to your meat." Bake 1 hour at 350°F. ☒

OLKS

The name of **Harry Fraser** is well known to the more than 2,000 potato growers in Canada and around the world who subscribe to *Fraser's Potato Newsletter*. Now this intense, fast-talking potato farmer from Hazelbrook, P.E.I., has made his mark as coach of a championship juvenile

Fraser: From potatoes to hockey pucks

hockey team. The Pownal Red Devils (Pownal is just down the road from Hazelbrook) won the provincial finals in 1983 and 1984, and this April, in Fredericton, N.B., won the Atlantic Regional Championship. This was an amazing feat for a community of 200, with one of the smallest minor hockey operations on the Island. Fraser, who's been coaching minor hockey for 15 years, was not surprised at the result. "We got the team together at the beginning of the season and told them they had the talent to go all the way to the national. Unfortunately the national was cancelled when Colonel Sanders withdrew from the sponsorship." Fraser attributes a large part of the success to the strong support the team got from the community. "They all pitched in," he says, and most of the people from Pownal travelled to Fredericton to support their team. Many of them sported lapel buttons that echoed the question raised by other participants, "Where the hell is Pownal?" They were ecstatic when the Red Devils won, the first time since 1942 that an Island team had won the regional championship. Parents of the Pownal players are quick to point out that their youngsters learned more than hockey from coach Fraser, because of his strict enforcement of good old-fashioned principles. Were the players disappointed that the national was cancelled? "No," Fraser admits. "By the time the regional was over, they'd almost had enough hockey."

to offshore development, has spawned several imitators. "We upstaged the whole bunch of them," Joe says. "I played a hunch, that's all." Joe handles the magazine's promotion and Ken, who grew restless editing oil stories, manages advertising design. Ken also produces *X-it*, his third poetry and fiction magazine. Advertising clients, he says, like his unorthodox interests. "It's something different," he says. "Besides, advertising... poetry... it's all the same thing. An ad's a short fiction," he says.

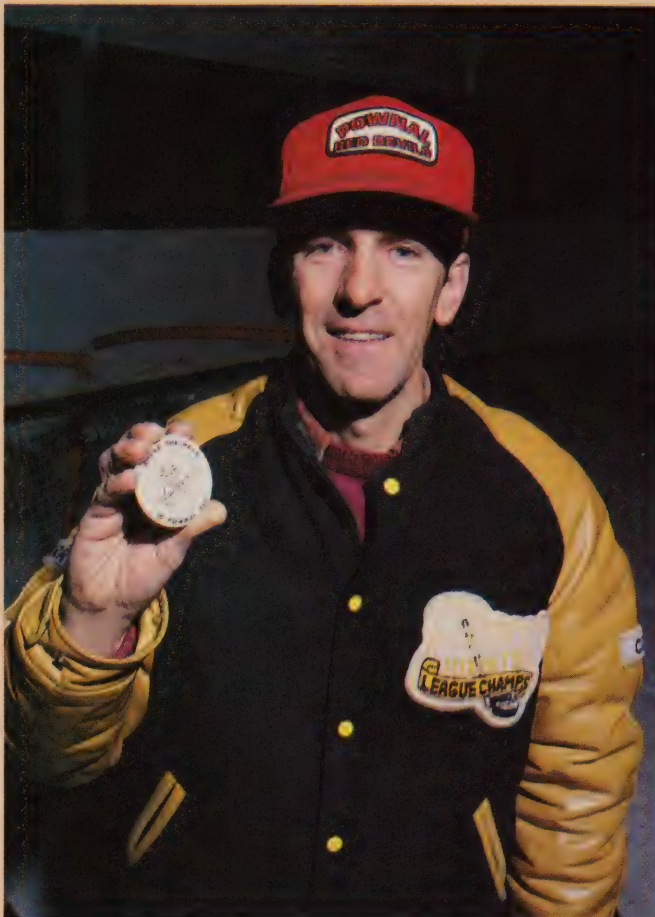


MacDonald: A quarter-century of reporting

Political memories run long in New Brunswick but few match that of **Gus MacDonald**, unchallenged dean of the province's legislative reporters. Since 1956, first as a reporter and lately as associate editor of the *Moncton Times and Transcript*, he has covered every session of the provincial House of Assembly, recording the debates, the scandal and the intrigues of nearly three decades of the province's political life. By comparison Premier Richard Hatfield, first elected in 1963, is a relative newcomer. (As a young MLA, Hatfield used to turn up at MacDonald's door for late-night bull sessions when both men lived across from the Legislative Building at the Lord Beaverbrook Hotel.) When MacDonald first arrived, newspaper stories were sent by telegraph and he remembers Canadian National keeping "a relay of messenger boys running back and forth from the hotel with reporters' copy." Editors favored a writing style "that sort of resembled *War and Peace*." Now MacDonald's awaiting delivery of a computer terminal that will carry stories directly to his paper's typesetting machinery. Radio and TV have given readers a taste for "hard, fast punchy stuff." Political styles have changed too: "Politicians haven't lost any of their

When **Joe Harvey** launched the St. John's-based *East Coast Offshore Magazine* four years ago he found himself a good partner: His 18-year-old son **Ken**. After all, Ken had never stopped writing since Joe bought him a typewriter when he was all of eight. By 18, he'd produced two arts magazines. Ken, who had good connections and a flair for sales, had no magazine-publishing experience. "The magazine would not have been possible without my son and some of his colleagues," Joe says. *East Coast Offshore*, a ground-breaking publication and the first Canadian magazine devoted

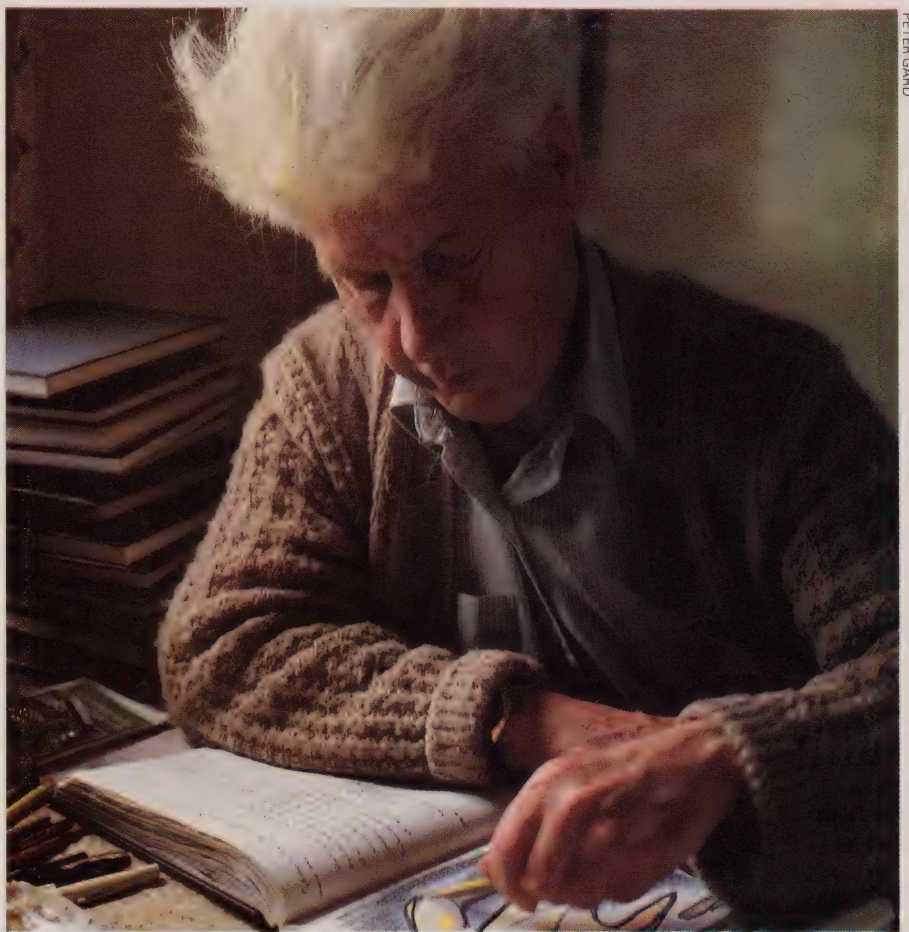
RICHARD FURLONG



power, but they've been overshadowed by the bureaucracy.' The pace of House coverage can be gruelling — debates can start early and run late into the night — but at 62, MacDonald still loves his work after close to a quarter-century. "Politics," he explains, "is the basic essence of society."

Most people go to a lakeside cabin to unwind. Not **Jeff Doran**. He spent three 18-hour days churning out the prize-winning novel for Pulp Press of Vancouver's three-day novel-writing contest. Doran, a 37-year-old high school English teacher who lives on a farm near New Germany, N.S., with his wife, Sue, and their two children, Luke, 10, and Amy, 7, called the marathon session "a spiritual experience. I was absorbed in this paper world," he says. After Doran finished he didn't know if he'd written "pure crap or pure genius. I hope the latter." Pulp Press, which Doran says publishes some good stuff, liked it well enough. As the prize it's publishing *This Guest of Summer*, a story about a Montreal couple who buy land unseen in Nova Scotia. It was the first time in 16 years that Doran, who grew up in Virginia and emigrated to Nova Scotia during the Vietnam War, had any of his work published. But now he's on a roll. Recently, *Redbook*, a large circulation U.S. magazine, published one of his short stories; last month Canada's *Saturday Night* ran another. "I'd been sending things to publishers," Doran says. "They'd bounce them back." When a well-known publishing house told Doran, after hearing about his three-day novel, it would happily consider any of his serious work, he bristled. "I'm proud of the work," he says.


After 16 years, writer Doran is on a roll

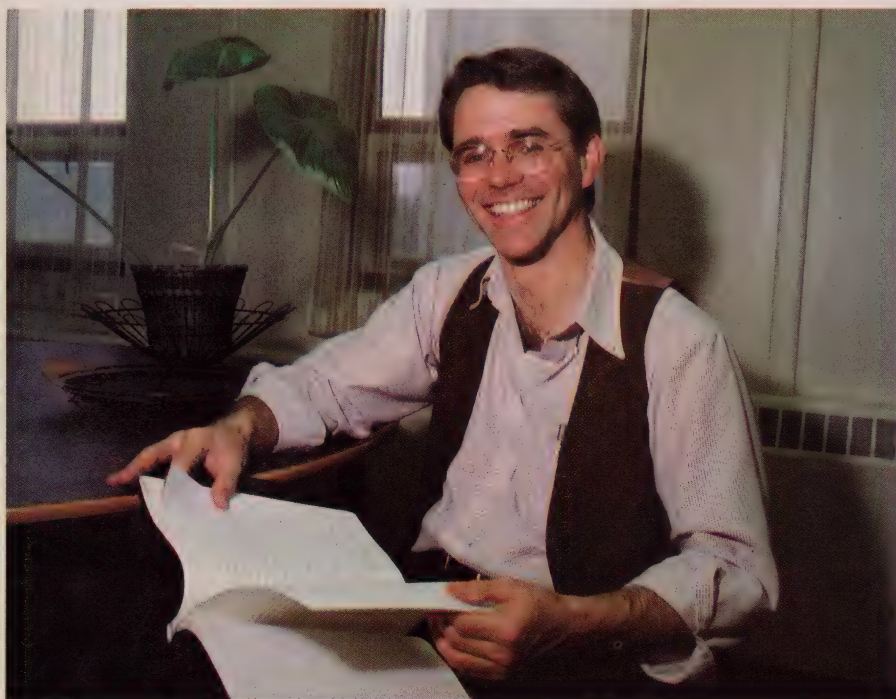


PETER GARD

Andrews: Let "the intuitive spirit carry you where it will"

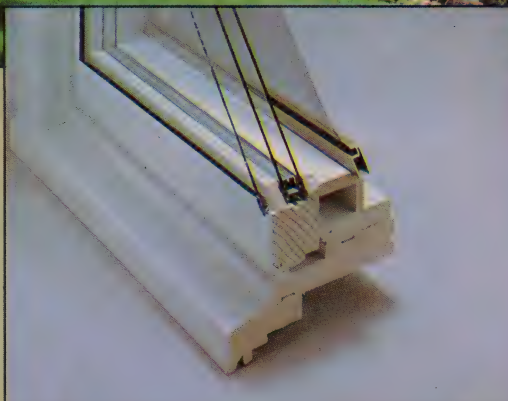
Art Andrews has an unusual hobby: He writes "think books" — collections of sketches, writings, photographs and memorabilia. Andrews, a 65-year-old retired commercial artist who lives in St. John's Nfld., has produced more

than 70. Each one is different. He completed his first, a pot-pourri of scenes of canteen life, portraits of friends and comical tidbits of propaganda, while serving as a seaman on the North Atlantic during the Second World War. Later books, filled with philosophy, art and nature, detail Andrews' travels. "When I go to a place I make up different things to do," he says. "You've got to take your imagination with you when you travel." Take his trip to L'Anse-aux-Meadows, a Viking settlement in about 1000 AD, on Newfoundland's Great Northern Peninsula. "If I read up on it before going there, I can practically see the Vikings landing on the shore. Otherwise, all I'd see is bog." Many of his books have serious titles but with tongue-in-cheek contents. In *Solipsism*, a drawing of a loaf of bread appears by an amusing abstract. "I don't always understand myself why I do things," Andrews explains. "There's no reason to do anything like this. It's just the pleasure of letting the intuitive spirit carry you where it will." 



ERIC HAYES

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CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

July 4-July 29 — Exhibit by Acadian artist Claude Roussel, Université de Moncton Art Gallery, Moncton
 July 5-Aug. 27 — Parlee Beach Summer Theatre, Shediac
 July 6-7 — Eleventh Annual Antiques Show and Sale, St. Andrews
 July 7-8 — Moosehead Pro Bass International Tournament, Mactaquac Lake
 July 7-10 — Softball-A-Thon, Clair
 July 7-14 — New Brunswick Boy Scout Jamboree, Dalhousie
 July 8-9 — Strawberry and Bluegrass Festival, Woodstock
 July 12 — Arts and Crafts Fair, St. Andrews
 July 13-15 — New Brunswick Irish Festival. Ryan's Fancy, Barley Bree, plays, dance groups, Irish wares and Irish food for sale, Chatham
 July 15 — New Brunswick Motocross Championship Series, Saint John
 July 15-21 — Loyalist Days. A week of activities celebrating the Saint John's Loyalist heritage.
 July 15-21 — Provincial Fisheries Festival, Shippegan
 July 19-22 — Annual Men's Fastball Tournament, Riverview
 July 24 — Parlee Beach Sand Sculpture Contest, Shediac
 July 29-Aug. 1 — 1984 Canadian Ladies Senior Golf Championship, Mactaquac
 July 29-Aug. 5 — Western Rodeo, Saint Isidore

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

July 1 — Canada Day celebrations: Stanhope Beach Lodge — Strawberry social, entertainment, local history book to be released; Victoria — Bicycle/tricycle rodeo, track and field events, doll-carriage parade, cake cutting, refreshments; Cardigan — parade, entertainment, childrens sports and games
 July 5-8 — Windsurfing Clinic, Stanhope Beach Lodge, Stanhope
 July 6-8 — Georgetown Days '84: Parade, variety show, Miss Three Rivers Pageant, pre-teen, teen and adult dances, armwrestling championship. Georgetown
 July 8 — Midsummer Night Concert #1 — The Brunswick String Quartet, Steel Recital Hall, University of Prince Edward Island, Charlottetown
 July 13-14 — Provincial Ladies Golf Championships: Ladies Open Golf tournament, Mill River Golf Course
 July 14-15 — Maritime Championship Drag Racing, Oyster Bed Bridge
 July 26-29 — Northumberland Provincial Fisheries Festival: Parade, entertainment, fish filleting and scallop shucking championships, flower show, baby pageant, Miss Northumberland

Pageant, dances, lobster supper, pig races, Murray River

NOVA SCOTIA

July 3-Aug. 25 — Yarmouth Summer Theatre '84. Fourth season of live theatre, Th' Yarc, Yarmouth
 July 7-11 — The Tall Ships: Parade of Sail. Major gathering of the world's largest sail-training ships along with many other "Bluenose II" size ships, Sydney
 July 7-15 — Antigonish Highland Games
 July 9-14 — Parrsboro Old Home Week. Annual Festival with such activities as street parade, Queen's pageant and midway
 July 14-15 — Lunenburg Craft Festival. Crafts, beer garden, fish fry, pancake breakfast, chicken barbecue and outdoor concert, Lunenburg
 July 15 — Festival of N.S. Music. Outdoor variety program featuring traditional N.S. music — fiddling, step dancing and piping, Dartmouth
 July 20-22 — Festival Acadien à Ste-Anne-du-Ruisseau. Annual Acadian festival with such activities as grand parade, bazaar, dance, Evangeline and Gabriel pageant and ox haul
 July 20-22 — Founders Day Weekend. Celebration of Shelburne's 201st birthday with such activities as a historical garden party, waterfront sports and a gathering of Loyalist Scots, Shelburne
 July 21-28 — Guysborough Come Home Week. Activities for all ages: Dances, parades, tug-of-war, canoe races, barbecues, softball tournament, road and bicycle races, Queen's pageant

NEWFOUNDLAND

July-August — Resource Centre for the Arts Lunchtime Theatre (shows to be announced) and "High Steel," a collective play about the Conception Bay steelworkers who built the Brooklyn Bridge, LSPU Hall, St. John's
 July 1-31 — Festival '84: A month of music, drama, kids' shows, craft displays and free outdoor lunch hour concerts, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
 July 1-11 — National Multicultural Theatre Festival: A celebration of Canadian Theatre with special presentations from across the country, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
 July 10-14 — Espoir World Cup of Wrestling, Memorial University Gym. An international event including teams from Canada, United States, Australia, Egypt and others, St. John's
 July 17-19; 24-26 — "1884": A fun-filled, musical evening of dramatized episodes from the life and times of St. John's over a century ago, Arts and Cul-

ture Centre, St. John's

July 23-25 — "Mind Your Own Business." Play about Bell Island Iron Mines, Arts & Culture Centre, St. John's

July 23-31 — Come ashore in '84: Homecoming Week. Events include a regatta, sports day, fishing derby, heritage day, senior citizens activities, family day and garden parties, Bell Island

August 1 — St. John's Regatta. This annual event is the oldest continuing sporting event in North America. Quidi Vidi Lake, St. John's

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The life and times of Witch Hunt Willie



Young Alfie" is generally recognized as one of the printable nicknames of Premier Alfred Brian Peckford but "Witch Hunt Willie" is not a household monicker yet in Lower Musquodoboit.

Energy Minister William Marshall got that handle as a member of the Frank Moores administration shortly after it had winkled Joey Smallwood out of his last ditch. Witch Hunt's christening came out of the flaming zeal with which he pursued alleged Smallwoodian evildoers after their decline and fall.

A commission was set up to smoke out the rascals and uncover the rascality of the long Smallwood era. A great thrill of anticipation seized the province at the lovely bit of blood sport to come. M'lords commissioners bent to their task with a will whipped on to ever greater efforts by Witch Hunt Willie.

The tumbrils were put in readiness and the hempen neckties arranged on Gallows Hill above St. John's harbor. Grannies prepared their knitting bags and small children laid in supplies of popcorn in anticipation of the lovely spectacle. The report was completed — and Frank Moores refused to make it public!

From then till now it has never seen the light of day. An eager populace staggered under the shock like so many polled oxen. Willie Marshall erupted in a nervous rash and had to be pried loose from the curtain rod in the House of Assembly.

"I looked under just one corner of the rug," said Moores by way of enigmatic explanation, "and if I'd known then what I know now, I'd never have started the investigation." The alleged blackguards slipped away. The rumored mountain of skulduggery faded into the fog. Marshall has never recovered fully.

What were the giant killer cockroaches from outer space that Moores glimpsed under a corner of the rug? Some guessed he sniffed the spoor of five or six of his own cabinet ministers who turned their coats and bolted the Liberals just before the ship went down. Others opined that he saw no percentage in bringing half the population of Newfoundland to court.

Marshall is now in the limelight once more. As spring turned to summer this year, it became apparent that Young Alfie is not what he appeared to be. It seems that, instead of being a lippy wisecracker, Peckford is connected to some sturdy strings and that Willie Marshall is doing much of the

jerking.

To assuage the burning curiosity of Lower Musquodoboit — and prod slack memories in Come By Chance — let us briefly sketch Mr. Marshall's life and times.

First there's Joey Smallwood and then there's Beelzebub, thinks Willie. A popular explanation is that his dear old dad, a high official in finance under Joey, commenced to gag on some of Smallwood's more flamboyant economic schemes and was reckless enough to say so. For this arrant blasphemy he was hung out to dry and a young Willie was grievously impressed.

Classmates recall that William's feistiness and slight air of sanctimony as a lad often got him mauled. His voice broke early so that he was called

***"It seems that,
instead of being a
lippy wisecracker,
Peckford is connected
to some sturdy strings
and that Willie
Marshall is doing
much of the jerking"***

"Froggy" and a favorite recreation was to ambush Froggy on his way from school and muss him up. One contemporary can't recall seeing William progress down a school corridor without a larger lad dragging him by one ear.

This early toughening in the smithy of life served Witch Hunt well in later years. He took it like a gentleman when one of Smallwood's sons rushed across the legislature and ploughed him in the gob. Marshall had been relishing aloud a publication which alleged that Mrs. J.R. Smallwood was a slum landlady.

He survived the unkindest cut when Moores turned chicken guts on the probe into the Evil Empire and has arrived at the day when he can play Lady Macbeth to Young Alfie.

It is Witch Hunt Willie who screws Young Alfie's courage to the sticking post. When Peckford threatens to quit or lie on the floor and hold his breath

or dismount his high horse it's Marshall who restokes his boilers. "Froggy" comes on like the Hammer of God whenever the Ottawa bullies tighten the garrotte or the Newfie quislings murmur capitulation. "Creepy, crawley creatures on their hands and knees to Ottawa," snarls Marshall at the Liberal opposition. "Greedy little grubby manufacturers' agents!"

He loathes no one's tripe more than those of St. John's Mayor John Murphy, a Plain Man of Business who has set up a steady bleat about getting on with Hibernia and making hay while the sun shines.

Murphy and Marshall are on exact opposite sides of the basic split which has occurred in Newfoundland — excruciating unemployment plus the lust for a bit of bluff and hearty plunder versus a sorely aggrieved chauvinism combined with notions that are as long-ranged as they are high.

The official Liberals are the scarce and tattered relics of a bygone age. "New" Liberals are still quivering in the slips, too timid to take the plunge until more certain of which side the bread is buttered — a cowardly, self-seeking hesitation as treacherous as it is loathsome.

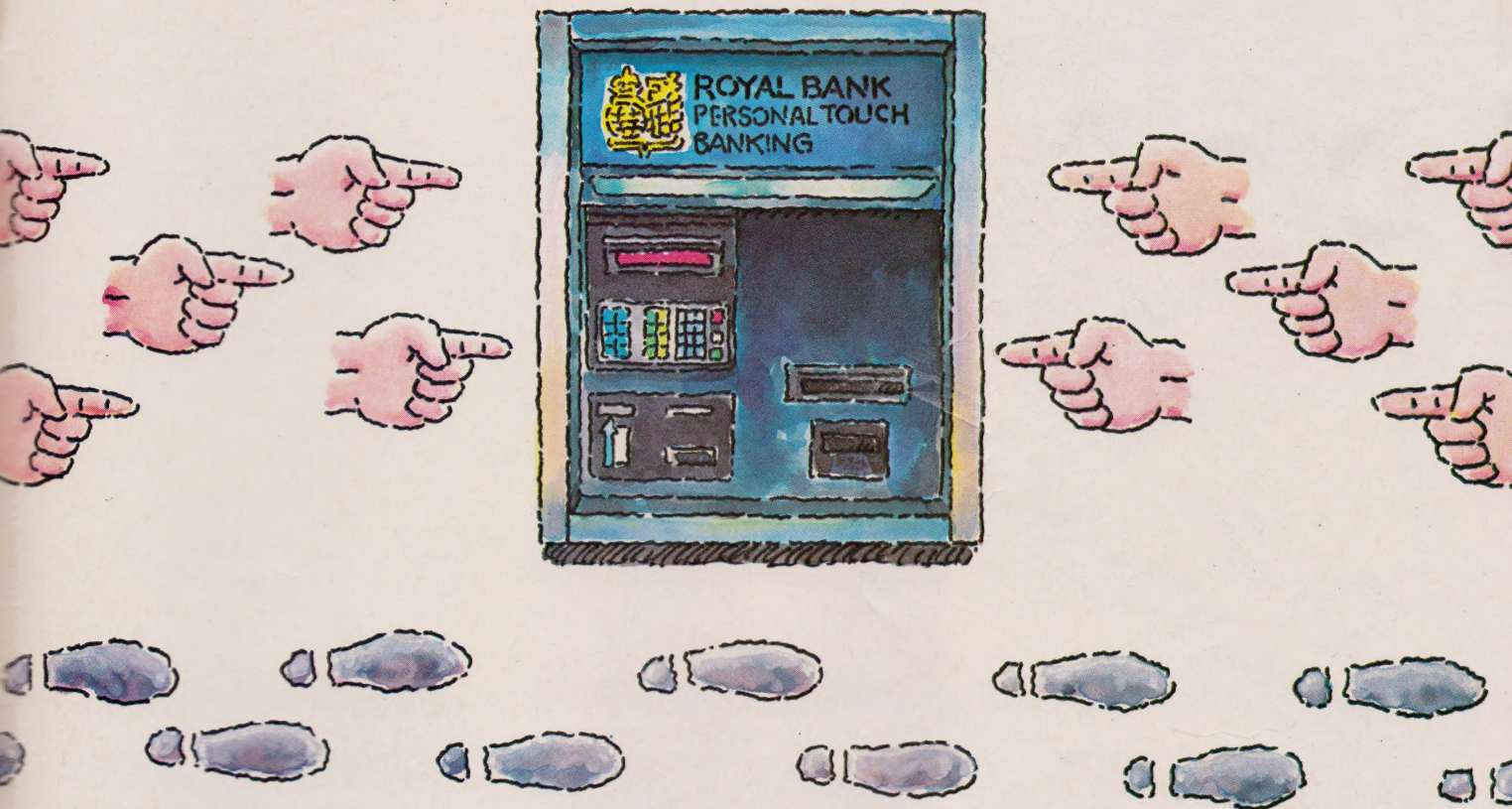
As the civil war which really did not end with Confederation in 1949 begins to heat up again, the word "traitor" is once more flung around with gay abandon.

Scurrility has been re-elevated to bracing heights and the boundaries of slander dashed against, if not breached. The populace grows twitchy. "El Cid" Peckford has been thrust nastily through and through the brisket but there's still Witch Hunt Willie Marshall to lash him upright to his horse.

Interesting times have revisited Newfoundland. There are too many squirrels scrambling after too few nuts. The Arts Council announced, for example, that it won't dole out for works it deems defamatory to the slap-happy province or its inhabitants; strong meat, indeed, which has sent many of our artists into a palsy.

Armed holdups, unheard of a few years ago, have become almost as routine as the weather forecast. Gas stations are a favorite target. It is said that the local rogues take their cue from the larger fry who are holding up Hibernia gas and oil.

Meanwhile, the bulk of sympathy still lies with the redoubtable Witch Hunt Willie. Marshall, who had his ears tweaked once too often by the schoolyard bullies, sees his duty clear to turn upon his enemies and rend them. So do many others. ☒



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